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LEO THE THIRTEENTH.

BY FANNY PARNELL.

Not for the halo that wreaths thy head,  
Not for the fame of thy hallowed life,  
Not for the incense thy hands have shed,  
O'er a fœtid age of sin and strife;

Not for thy glory of high estate,  
Ruler of millions of pilgrims feet,  
Lord of the keys of the heavenly gate,  
Throned in the slain Christ's victory-seat!

Not for the crimes of unholy hands,  
Not for the wrongs that thy church has  
borne,  
Plundered and stripped 'mid the godless  
lands,  
Bared to the bigot's and recreant's scorn;

Nay, not for these do thine eyes behold  
A nation wrung with the throes of years  
Lie down in a passion of love untold,  
And bathe thy feet with their grateful tears.

O beautiful feet with glory shod!  
O beautiful eyes now dim with pain!  
Thrice holy the dust those feet have trod;  
The spot where a glance from those eyes  
has lain!

Full vainly they tried, the lying knaves,  
To draw a curse on our Erin's head;  
He thought of her bonds and her famine-  
graves,  
And he gave her a blessing instead.

They tried with the slanderer's asp-like  
tongue,  
They tried with the flatterer's supple knee;  
On each snowy name their filth they flung,  
And the pulse of their black hearts leaped  
with glee.

But he thought of the man who held on high  
The flag of their faith 'mid blood and flame,  
He thought of the men who joyed to die,  
To save the altar they loved from shame.

He looked at the mummers false and sly,  
And he thought of the olden Pharisee;  
He heard the naked and hungry cry,  
And he thought of Jesus of Galilee.

Then he turned from the foe, now masked as  
friend,  
Now crouched and fawning—but all too  
late—  
And he said: "No message of wrath I'll  
send  
To the land that is scored with Cromwell's  
hate."

And he poured out the myrrh and the wine,  
And he poured the balm for the wounds  
that bled,  
And we know him now, 'mid raptures divine,  
For a Vicar of Christ the Lord, indeed.

—*National Advocate.*

THE ORPHANS;

OR,

THE HEIR OF LONGWORTH.

CHAPTER XIX.

"BY THE SWEET SILVER LIGHT OF  
THE MOON."

DAYS go by, weeks go by, July comes  
in its splendour to Baymouth, and still  
Miss Hariott says to herself, as she has  
said from the first—

"Which is it to be? It seems the  
most impracticable, the most hopeless  
thing in the world, if Reine is the one  
he wants."

But whether or no Reine is the one  
it is impossible to tell. No one can tell;  
not Mrs. Windsor, growing anxious,  
but hiding her anxiety well; not Reine,  
cool and impassive; not Marie, smiling  
and serene. The former young person  
puzzles Hester Hariott nearly as much  
as the gentleman. Cold apathy has re-

placed passionate rebellion, utter indifference more hopeless than active dislike. She never avoids him, she talks to him and of him quite freely, but with a serene composure that should be the most exasperating thing on earth to a lover.

A lover in no sense of the word does Mr. Longworth appear. Perhaps the *role* of sighing swain is not consistent with editorial dignity. They meet they part, they talk they walk, they sail they ride, they dance they laugh together; and the more they see of each other the further off all idea of tender sentiment seems. And yet, somehow—the wish being father to the thought—Miss Hariott cannot get it out of her head that Reine is the one. She has learned to love very dearly the girl with the brown, earnest eyes and thoughtful face—there are times when she doubts, distrusts, almost dislikes Marie.

The summer days pass pleasantly in Baymouth; there are perpetual picnics and excursions by land and sea, moonlight sails down the bay, boating parties, strawberry festivals, and all the innoxious dissipation that goes to make up the gaiety even of a large country town. The ladies Landelle are in request everywhere. Every masculine heart over fifteen in Baymouth beats rapturously with love for Marie, and those sweet flitting smiles of hers are bestowed with perfect and maddening impartiality upon all. Two proposals have been made and rejected, rejected very gently, but so decidedly, that one despairing youth fled from the home of his boyhood, and rushed with his anguish upon him to the uttermost wilds of Montana.

Among these stricken deer perhaps none were further or more hopelessly gone than poor Frank Dexter. The middle of June finds him still lingering in Baymouth, unable to tear himself from the side of his enchantress, unable to pay that visit, so long deferred, to his southern home. Letters full of impatience and expostulation come weekly from his mother, commanding, exhorting, entreating his return; but Frank cannot go. The yacht is his excuse—the yacht already making a brave show in her dock; but love, not

schooners, holds Dexter. He fears his fate too much to put it to the touch, he is furiously jealous of every other aspirant, and Longworth he fears and hates with an intensity that has something quite fratricidal in it.

“Longworth,” he says, gloomily, one evening—Byronic gloom and misanthropy sit permanently on Mr. Dexter’s brow of late—“is this beastly story they are circulating through Baymouth true?”

“What beastly story?” inquires Mr. Longworth, lazily, leaning back in the boat.

The cousins are out in a boat, Frank is rowing, and it is a lazy July twilight. They are not often together of late, Mr. Dexter shunning Mr. Longworth as though he were a walking pestilence; but on this occasion he has pressed for his company on purpose to “have it out.” The editor reclines in the stern, steering, smoking, looking lazy, placid, and happy.

“You must have heard,” says Frank, with a short growl; “beastliest scandal I believe ever was invented. It’s about you and”—Mr. Dexter pauses with a gulp, as if the words choked him—“the Misses Landelle.”

“What about me and the Misses Landelle? Mind what you’re about, Baby; here’s a tug boat coming.”

“They say that Mrs. Windsor has offered you your choice, and they’ve consented, and are only waiting for you to throw the handkerchief. It’s too diabolical. I can’t believe it!”

“Disbelieve it then.”

“But is it true?”

“I told you to mind what you were about!” cries Longworth, starting up and holding the rudder hard; “do you want the tug to run into us and send us to the bottom.”

“By heaven, Longworth, if this infernal story is true, I don’t care much if she does!” passionately exclaims Mr. Dexter.

“Don’t you, dear boy? But I flatter myself I’m of some service to king and country, and don’t want to see the bottom of Baymouth Bay to-night, at least. Now, what was it you were saying? Oh, about the Mesdemoiselles Landelle. Did you inveigle me out here



on the vasty deep to ask me this, Baby?"

"I did. And I want an answer. It's my right, and I demand it."

"Your right, dear boy? Don't seem to see it——"

"I love Marie Landelle," cries Frank with suppressed passion. "I mean to ask her to be my wife. Must I wait until she has refused *you*?"

"You think she will refuse me—when I ask?"

"I think so. I hope so. Sometimes I am sure of it. And then again——"

He breaks off, and clinches the oars, and pulls furiously for about five minutes. While the spurt lasts Mr. Longworth has to look after the rudder, and silence perforce reigns; but it ends, and Frank rests on his oars, and lets the boat drift.

"Larry," he says, in something like his old frank voice, "you used to be a good fellow; we usen't to be half bad friends. Come, speak up! You have been in love once yourself, and gave up a fortune for a woman's sake. You're not in love now, I'll swear, but you cannot have forgotten that time. You know how it is, and how I feel, and I want an honest answer as from man to man. Do you mean to ask Marie Landelle?"

There is a pause. Longworth looks with kindly eyes at the lad's flushed face and excited eyes. He has grown thin and rather haggard these last weeks, and the old boisterous, booming laugh no longer echoes through the halls of the Hotel Longworth.

"My dear boy," he says, "of what use will it be even if I say no? You have a full dozen rivals."

"Burton, Morris, Graham, and others," Frank answers, excitedly. "I am not afraid of any of them. Longworth, I am afraid of you."

"Why of me? They are all richer men—younger men——"

"Pshaw! as if youth were anything but a drawback; but that is not the question. You are backed by her grandmother's authority, and if you ask, she must accept you whether or no."

"A most humiliating suggestion. Besides, if she refuses me and accepts you, she may defy her grandmother.

Mrs. Francis Dexter can dispense with a dowry."

"This is not the question—don't shuffle and evade, Longworth! Frank," cries passionately. "Will you or will you not ask Marie Landelle to marry you?"

"I will—not!"

"Not! You mean that, Larry?"

"I mean that, Baby, and I keep my word, as you know. Go in and win, and my blessing upon your virtuous endeavours."

"Shake hands on that!" exclaims Frank, leaning forward, his eyes gleaming with delight. "Dear old boy, what a trump you are! And, by George, what a load you've lifted off my mind."

They clasp hands, firm and fast, for a moment. Dexter's face is exultant, Longworth's kindly, but a trifle compassionate.

"So hard hit as that, dear boy? Take care, my Baby; it's not safe. It's not good policy even in a game of this sort to risk one's whole fortune on a single throw. If one wins one is certainly rich for life; but if one loses——"

"With you out of the race I fear nothing!" cries triumphant Frank.

"You think nothing remains then but a quiet walk over? Well, I don't want to croak, and I wish you good luck; but girls are kittle cattle, as the Scotch say. And she's a coquette, Frank, in a very subdued and high-bred way I own, but still a coquette; and where one of that profession is concerned, 'you can't most always sometimes tell.' Take care;"

"But, Larry, you must have observed that her manner to me is different from her manner to other men. She goes with me oftener, she seems to prefer— Oh, hang it, a fellow can't tell, but you know what I mean. Would she encourage me only to throw me over?"

"Who knows?" Have you ever read the Widow Bedott?"

To say why gals act so and so  
Or not would be presumin';  
Mebbe to mean yes, and say no  
Comes nateral to wimmin.

Mademoiselle Marie seems as clear as crystal, limpid as a sunny brook; but try to see the bottom, and mark if you don't find yourself baffled. The crystal depths obscure themselves all in a mo-

ment, and whatever is below remains hidden. Mind, I don't say she has anything to hide, but if she had she would know how to hide it. She's a clever girl, Frank, and I wouldn't count too securely on the coveted 'Yes' until—well, until it is actually spoken."

"All must take their leap in the dark; why should not I? But, Larry, if you don't mean to propose to Marie—and, by Jove, how you can look at her and not fall madly in love with her is what I cannot understand. Do you intend to propose to—"

"My Baby," says Mr. Longworth, placidly, but with a certain decision of tone that the other understands; "as Mr. Guppy says, 'there are chords in the human heart,' and it is not for tall boys to make them vibrate. I have told you I am not going to offer myself to Mademoiselle Marie—that is sufficient for you. Now let us return, for I presume you have finished with me for the present, and I am due at Madame Windsor's."

"So am I. Croquet, isn't it?"

And then Mr. Dexter resumes his oars, and with a face of cloudless radiance rows to land.

This same sunny afternoon, but a few hours earlier, has seen Miss Hariott and Mdlle. Reine walking slowly through the hot and dusty streets of North Baymouth, the din of the huge throbbing machinery in their ears, its grit and grime in their eyes. The narrow streets in this part of the town lie baking in the breezeless heat; matrons sit at their doors, children in swarms trip up the unwary pedestrian on the pavement. Reine goes with Miss Hariott very often now, and the dark French face is nearly as well known as Lady Bountiful's own.

Miss Hariott makes a call to-day she has never made with Reine before. It takes her to a tall tenement-house, and up three pairs of stairs, into a room tidy and comfortable, the floor carpeted, the windows curtained, a canary singing in one, flowers filling the other. A girl sits in a low rocker sewing; a very old woman is neading biscuits in a pantry. The girl rises with an eager smile, and, as she turns to greet her visitors, Reine sees with a thrill of horror that she is blind.

"I thought you had forgotten us, Miss Hariott," the blind girl says, brightly. "Grandmother has been wondering if you were gone for another European trip. Gran, here is Miss Hariott at last. You must excuse her, please; she grows deafer every day."

"I have brought a friend to see you, Emily," says Miss Hariott, taking a chair. "My friend, Emily Johnston—Mademoiselle Reine Landelle."

"Ah! ma'amselle"—the blind girl holds out her hand, and turns so directly to Reine that it almost startles her—"I am glad to see you. I can't really see you, you know, but I always say that. I have heard of you so much."

"Heard of me!" Reine repeats.

"Why, yes," says Emily, laughing. "You go about with Miss Hariott, don't you? and the people drop in and talk about the French young lady with the pretty ways, and sweet voice, and kind words for every one. And when Mr. Longworth comes I ask him no end of questions. Bless you! we've sat and chatted about you by the hour. He doesn't start it himself you know, but he answers my questions. And I'm sure I hope you'll come often."

Miss Emily Johnston, having lost the use of her eyes, has by no means lost the use of her tongue, and chats away with a vivacious volubility not infrequent in the blind. She holds up the work she is busy upon—a sheet, Reine sees.

"The first half-dozen nearly done, Miss Hariott," she says. "You may send me some more whenever you like. Mr. Longworth gave me a dozen handkerchiefs to hem for him the other day, so I have sewing enough for the present. Ma'amselle Reine, how do you like Baymouth?"

Mademoiselle answers, more and more puzzled. They rise and go presently, and the blind girl shakes hands with both, and presses "ma'amselle" to come again with a frank cordiality there is no resisting.

"Well?" Miss Hariott says, when they are in the street, and smiles at Reine's puzzled face. "You would think she had not a care in the world, and for the last two years she has been as you see, stone blind,"

"Who is she? How was it? Why



does she talk in that way of Mr. Longworth? What is he to her?"

"Her best friend in the world. She was in the *Phoenix* office almost from the first; she addressed wrappers and did light work of that sort, and was the sole support of her old grandmother for years. Then she caught small-pox in some way, was taken to the hospital, remained there two months, and came out as you see her—perfectly blind."

"*Mon Dieu!* How terrible!"

"Terrible indeed. There seemed nothing but starvation or the poor-house for Emily and her grandmother, and I think of the two, starvation would have been preferable to both. She bore her blindness bravely, but she broke down at the thought of the almshouse. Then Mr. Longworth came forward, and in the most matter-of-fact prosaic, business-like way, said that, as she had been in the office so long, and worked so well, she had a claim upon the *Phoenix* which that noble-minded bird could not disregard—her salary should still go on as before. It was kind of him, no doubt," says Miss Hariott, in an impartial voice, "but really nothing more than his duty under the circumstances."

"Kind of him!" exclaims Reine, and then she stops and compresses her lips.

"Of course," says Miss Hariott, coolly; "do I not say so? He has continued to pay it ever since, and will go on indefinitely. Emily's gratitude is boundless; but still she partly earns the money, for she addresses wrappers still, only at home instead of at the office, and sews for me and for him when we want her. She is quite cheerful and resigned as you see, having, as she says, too many blessings left to 'fly in the face of Providence' for the one blessing He has taken from her."

There is silence for a little, and then Reine speaks in a low and broken voice.

"And I, with sight, and home, and sister left, repine and rebel against heaven, grieve and mourn for the liberty, and the home, and the friends I have lost. Oh, my friend, how thankless, how full of ingratitude I am. To go through life always in night, to see no sun, no lovely world, no flowers, no sea, no summer! And yet to kiss the hand that strikes!"

"Do you know Mrs. Browning's poem, Reine?" says Miss Hariott. "There is one verse I like to think over, when the past with all its losses and crosses come back to me.

I bless Thee while my days go on,  
I thank Thee while my days go on;  
Through dark and death; thro' fire and frost,  
With emptied arms and treasure lost,  
I bless Thee while my days go on."

They go home through the sunset almost in silence. At Miss Hariott's gate they part.

"Are you coming to-night?" Reine asks.

"To the croquet party? Of course not, child. The idea of playing with little red and white balls at my time of life! No, I expect a friend or two this evening. If you see Frank Dexter, tell him I want him to come and see me tomorrow without fail. The lad goes moping about no more like himself than I am like a statue of Niobe. I don't know what's come to him—Yes, I do too," says Miss Hariott, rubbing her nose in, a vexed way, "and I like the boy, and it worries me. His mother wants him. I had a letter from her to-day, asking me how he is carrying on, and threatening to come and fetch him if he does not report himself speedily at head-quarters. His continued absence annoys old Mr. Longworth, and that ridiculous fortune we hear so much of fluctuates in the balance. Send him to me, will you, Little Queen?"

Reine promises and goes, troubled and anxious about many things. As she enters the garden she finds Marie, all in white, and looking seraphic, her "sweet face in the sunset light upraised and glorified," gathering flowers for a bouquet.

"Every one will be here in half an hour, Petite," she says, "and here you are dusty, and worn, and dishevelled as usual. How can you fancy running about those ugly streets in the hot afternoon sun, instead of staying sensibly at home, and improving your time and your temper by a siesta? I am sure you and Miss Hariott must bore the poor people dreadfully with your perpetual visits. Wear pale yellow to-night, dear Petite, and this red rose in your hair."

"Come up with me, Marie," says

Reine, and the older sister fastens her arms about Reine's slim waist and goes.

"Now, then, Petite, what is it?" she demands, seating herself in the easiest chair; "what is the latest indictment? You look as if the jury had found a true bill. What have I done—for I see a sermon in your eyes. What a pity you can't indict all your preaching on your pensioners, and leave poor me in peace."

"It is a sermon you have often heard, at least," answers Reine. "I wish you would let Frank Dexter alone."

Marie laughs.

"That poor Monsieur Frank! If he knew how often we discuss him he surely would be flattered. Have I not told you again and again that I do nothing, but I cannot help his falling in love with me. Other men do the same, and you find no fault."

"I have, I do, I always will," Reine cries, passionately. "Marie, Marie, this is worse than thoughtless. He was so kind, and I like him so much, and now he is miserable and must always be miserable. Oh! it is a shame, a shame!"

"*Mon Dieu!* Only hear her! Heartless! Miserable! One would think I was a monster! Shall I order him out of Madame Windsor's house? Shall I refuse to answer when he speaks? Shall I get a mask and wear it while he chooses to remain in this dreary town? I tell you I am not keeping him here—it is his yacht."

All this Marie says, lifting eyebrows and shoulders together, and making a very becoming and very French *moue*, but with the sweetest temper all the while.

"Listen, *chère Petite*," she goes on, caressingly. "It won't hurt Mr. Frank, this absorbing passion—he is only a boy. I am sorry to hurt him—I like him vastly—but the hurt will not last. Do not let us talk of him—let us talk of Mr. Longworth. How long he is in making up his mind!"

Reine sighs.

"It is all a muddle. Things are getting into a dreadful tangle, and I do not see daylight. Marie, I have had but one, but one letter from Léonce."

"Which goes to prove that Monsieur Léonce is probably amusing himself well wherever he is, and does not trouble himself too much about you.

But do not be anxious on that score. Next English mail will doubtless bring you another."

"Marie, if Monsieur Longworth asks you, how shall you say no?"

Marie looks at her, a smile in her soft, yellow-hazel eyes.

"*Chère Petite*, I shall wait until he does ask me. There are times when I am not at all sure that he will ever give me that trouble. There are times when—Come in!"

"Mrs. Windsor, miss," says Catherine, putting in her head, "is asking for you, miss. Mrs. Sheldon and Mr. Dexter have come, and missis's compliments to miss, and will you come down?"

"Hurry, Reine," Marie says, and goes.

But Reine does not hurry. She completes her toilet very leisurely, and then sits down by the open window. On the table before her lies a French prayer-book; in the prayer-book are some pictures. She takes out one, cherished with care, evidently. It is the photograph dropped on the grass several weeks ago, and picked up by Mr. Longworth. Long and tenderly she gazes at the pictured face.

"My dear one! my dear one!" she murmurs. "Oh! my Léonce, if the worst comes to the worst, how will it be with you!"

Another tap at the door. She replaces the picture hurriedly, rises, and opens. It is Catherine again.

"Miss Marie sent me, Miss Reine. She says they want you, and will you please come down at once?"

Reine goes. Sunset has faded out in primrose, and opal, and pearly gray; the stars are out, and the silvery summer moon is slowly rising. Some dozen are there, busily engaged in croquet, and Frank Dexter is by Marie's side. Mr. Longworth is there, but he is not so completely engrossed by the game as to be unable to observe how well pale corn-colour becomes young ladies with clear, dark complexions and "exquisite-brown, blessed eyes," and how very perfect is the effect of one large, sweet-smelling crimson rose just over the left ear.

Reine joins the croquet party, and plays one or two games; but she is ab-



sent and distraught, plays at random, and exasperates her side to madness. At the end of the second, she throws down her mallet, and declares she will spoil sport no longer. She disappears, and the game and the laughter go on without her. But presently they tire of balls and hoops; and music, with a quadrille on the grass, is proposed.

"Where is Reine? She will play," suggests grandmamma Windsor.

Madame does not think her younger granddaughter especially ornamental, and so decides she shall on all occasions make herself particularly useful.

"She went in that direction. I will go and find her," says Mr. Longworth.

He goes at once, and pending her discovery the party pair off, and stroll about in the moonlight. That luminary has quite arisen by this time, and although it is ten o'clock the night is almost midday clear. Evidently Mr. Longworth has watched Mdlle. Reine, for he goes directly to where she is sitting. A low wall at the extreme end of Mrs. Windsor's back garden, or orchard, separates it from the shelving shore, and on this low wall Reine is sitting. The bay, all smooth and polished as a great mirror, lies before her; boats come and go; one merry party afar off have a concertina, and the music comes sweetly and faintly on the still night. The moon shines full on Reine's face, on the pale yellow dress, the black ribbon around her waist, and the coral ornaments she wears. She is always picturesque; she is more picturesque than ever to-night.

She looks up as the footsteps approach, and he sees no shadow of change in her face as he draws near. She does not look surprised, she does not look annoyed, she does not look curious; she glances up at him with nothing in the steadfast brown eyes that Longworth can make out but serene indifference. He comes quite near, and leans against the wall.

"They are going to dance, Ma'amselle Reine," he says; "they want you to play."

"Do they?" she says, making no motion to rise. "There are others who can play, I believe. Who sent?"

"Mrs. Windsor."

"Ah!" a slight smile curls Reine's

lip—she looks at him this time with a glance almost of contempt. "Monsieur," she says, "did she send *you*."

"No, mademoiselle, I volunteered. I wanted to speak to you privately just a moment. I have wanted to for some time, but you do not give me an opportunity—this is why I have followed you. I wish to ask you, Mademoiselle Reine, if you will do me the honour to be my wife?"

## CHAPTER XX.

### "THE WOOING O'T."

THE words are spoken. He stands looking at her quite calmly, but rather pale, and beyond all shadow of doubt in profound earnest. He has startled even Mdlle. Reine out of her admirable nonchalance. She looks up at him—stunned.

"Monsieur!" she faintly exclaims.

"I am afraid I have been abrupt," he says, still quietly, yet with a certain depth of feeling in his voice; "I fear I have surprised you. And yet I thought —"

The colour that has left it rushes back into her face, flushing it for a moment from forehead to chin.

"Oh, do not stop!" she cries out; "go on! Say what you thought, what you know—that my grandmother has asked you to marry one of us, that she has ordered us to marry you whenever you did us the honour to ask! And I am the one! Oh, *mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*"

She covers her face with her hands—a sudden, passionate, despairing gesture there is no mistaking. In the moonlight Longworth, already pale, turns perfectly white.

"Mademoiselle——" he begins, hurriedly.

"Oh! wait," she says, in a stifled voice; "only one moment. I am not going to say no; you know I am not going to say no. And I ought to have been prepared. Wait only one moment, I entreat."

He waits. Were ever moments as long as hours before? Then her hands fall, and clasp hard together in her lap, and she looks at him with dry and dreary eyes.

"Forgive me," she says; "I ought not, I know. Since it had to be one of

us, I ought to be glad it is I. I feared you would have chosen her—she is beautiful, and I am not. Monsieur, I wonder you chose me!”

He stands petrified. Did ever maiden make such a speech to her lover before! But he manages to reply.

“Beauty is a question of taste. You have always been beautiful to me. But, mademoiselle, you misunderstand me, I think. When I said I hoped this would not surprise you, I mean that my attentions to you should have prepared you for it. I really thought they had—I really strove to make them. I never had any thought of asking Mademoiselle Marie from first to last.”

She sits, her hands still clasped, but her eyes have left his face, and are watching the moonlight on the water. She seems to be listening as much to the faint, far-off music in the boat as to him.

“I knew,” he goes on, “that you were prejudiced against me. I overheard, as you are aware, your declaration of war that afternoon last May in Miss Harriott’s garden. But perhaps that very prejudice, that very defiance, were but added incentives—if I needed incentives. I strove in good faith, and after my light, to remove your aversion. How useless my striving, how poor my light, I realize to-night—realize for the first time that you absolutely hate me.”

“Monsieur!” she flashes out, with a touch of scorn, “did you think I loved you?”

“I never did you that injustice, mademoiselle. But I was not conscious in any way, or by any act of mine, of deserving your dislike, and I meant to try and remove it. Of late you have seemed at least to be friendly with me—to treat me with no marked aversion or avoidance, and I thought I had succeeded. I was presumptuous enough to hope that when I spoke you would neither be shocked nor amazed.”

She does not speak. She sits quite still on the low gray wall, and listens to the beat of the tiny waves on the shore.

“That Mrs. Windsor spoke to me is true,” he goes on; “that I told her to speak to you and your sister is also true. But long before that I had thought of what I am saying to-night, and I would not have you kept ignorant of

our compact. I thought it might pave the way. That I should like to please her is true once more, but that simply to please her or to win her fortune I am speaking to-night is utterly untrue, is utterly impossible. Not the wealth of the world, if that were all, could tempt me to say to any woman what I am saying now to you.”

“If that were all,” she slowly repeats, and looks from the water into his face. “What else can there be?”

“Ah! what indeed!” He turns from her, and leans his folded arms upon the wall, with a curiously intense look in his blonde, handsome face. “If you do not know what else, Mademoiselle Reine, it would be wasted labour for me to tell you. But this I do tell you—you shall certainly not accept me, hating me?”

“I do not hate you.”

“No? Then what is it? For you assuredly do not like me. The look of your face wore when I first spoke I shall not speedily forget.”

“Listen, Monsieur Longworth,” says Reine, in a softened voice, “and forgive me if I pain you. When I came here first, and heard from Madame Windsor that we owed our coming to you—all to you, her bounty, her home, everything—I did hate you. It was wrong I know, unjust I know, but all the same I detested you. I am not very good; I am proud, and quick-tempered, and self-willed. Oh, I know it well, but I strove with the feeling, and it wore away. Then came that other day when grandmamma told us of your compact. How we were to stand off and wait for you to choose between us, and accept you humbly when you asked, or refuse, and go out to beggary. Oh! it was hard, it was shameful, and all the old hate came back, and I think I would have killed you almost if I could. I am a very passionate and wicked girl, I tell you again.”

“Poor child!” he says, half to himself, “I don’t blame you. It was natural.”

“But this also wore away—in part,” Reine continues, a tremor in her voice as she heard that half-spoken murmur. “I could not altogether despise you, try as I would. You are a good and generous man—oh! let me say—and who can



fail to respect goodness. And I made up my mind that if you would ask me I would try and make the best of it, and say yes quietly. I am not a brave girl, monsieur; I have always been cared for and cherished, and as the thought of being turned on the world alone and poor was terrible. There was Marie, too; I had to think of her. So I made up my mind to say yes if you spoke, and offend you no more. But when you came—and sitting here alone I was thinking of France—oh, my France!—she stretches out her arms, a heart-sob in every word—and it all took me so by surprise that I was shocked, and you saw it. But that is over now, and I have shown you my heart as the good God sees it. And if you go to madame, my grandmother, and tell her you cannot take me, it will only serve me right."

The impassioned voice ceases, and the silence that follows is long. Mr. Longworth breaks it at last.

"It is for the home and the fortune you consent to marry me then? Only this?"

"Only this? What else could there be?"

Again silence. Again Mr. Longworth speaks in a curiously constrained voice.

"You do not absolutely dislike me, you say? You are sure of that?"

"I am quite sure. If I owed you less I might like you more."

"You mean if I had not refused to rob you and your sister of your birth-right, if I had not pleaded with your grandmother to do you a simple act of justice, if I had not closed at once with her wish that I should marry you, closing with my own at the same time, you mean that you might even like me?"

"Yes, monsieur," she says, frankly, and at the absurdity of it she half smiles, "I mean that. For it would not be so hard to—to like you, I think."

"Well," he says, "these are my crimes. I stand arraigned and must plead guilty. I must also, as you do not absolutely dislike me, peril your good opinion still further by persisting in wishing to marry you. It sounds like a paradox somehow," he says, a smile breaking up the gravity of his face. "You are quite certain, made-

moiselle, you do not wish me to give you up? I will do it if you say so."

"Indeed I do not," she answers, with almost startling candour. "I should be very sorry if you did."

"I would not marry an unwilling wife," says Mr. Longworth, steadily. "We are situated so oddly, I hardly know what to do—you unwilling, yet willing. Perhaps when the time comes you may give yourself to me of your own free will. And until you can our wedding day must be put off."

"Our wedding day!" She thrills and shrinks under his look, under the solemn meaning of these words.

"We stand plighted now," and as he says it he takes her hand, "and I will wait with what patience I may. If the day ever arrives when you can put both your hands in mine like this, and say, 'Laurence, I love you, and can never let you go,' then I will thank heaven for my happiness, and claim you. If it never comes—if, as time goes on, your distrust of me goes on too, then be sure I will know it, and be the first to break the bond we are binding now."

He releases the hands he holds, and Reine feels, with a sort of wonder at herself, that her eyes are looking at him, admiringly, as he stands, brave, fair, noble, earnest, true before her.

"Shall we go back?" he says, changing his tone, and looking at his watch. "They will think me a woefully tardy messenger."

She descends from the wall, and takes the arm he offers, her face drooping, her fearless frankness gone, silent, shy.

"One last word," he says. "Reine—may I call you Reine free from prefix? It is the prettiest name in the world."

"Surely," she answers, readily.

"It would be asking too much, I suppose, to ask you to call me Laurence?" She smiles and shakes her head.

"I am afraid so. And yet it is an easy name to say."

"We will wait. I think all will come in time. May I tell Mrs. Windsor?"

"Oh! yes, yes—the sooner the better. Let all be open—let all be told. I hate—yes, I abhor secrets."

Some of the old passion rings in her voice. He looks at her in surprise. What can this outspoken child know of

secrets? For she looks a very child to him in her impetuous fits of wrath, although at other times the stately Little Queen they call her.

"Then I will tell her to-morrow," he answers.

And so suspense is over, and Reine Landelle is wooed and won.

## CHAPTER XXI.

"THE VERY BEST THING IN ALL  
THE WORLD."

THE croquet players are all together, laughing and talking in the moonlight, when Longworth rejoins them. Reine has slipped in through an open window, and as he appears the first note of the lancers breaks on their ears.

"Really, Laurence," says Mrs. Sheldon, looking at him with searching eyes, "how very long it has taken you. Were you obliged to go to Miss Harriott's to find Mademoiselle Reine?"

"Not quite so far. Will you dance with me, Totty? I see they are forming the set."

All the rest of the evening Reine remains at the piano. Even when the lamps are lighted and they flock in, tired and breathless with the sheer hard work of dancing on the grass, she still retains the piano stool, and begins to sing unasked.

Even Mrs. Sheldon, who dislikes her, and is instinctively jealous of her—who thinks her small, and plain, and unattractive—is forced to own that even a plain woman with a divine voice may be a formidable rival. And Longworth, leaning against the chimney-piece, sipping his iced lemonade and talking to Marie, is listening to the sister who singing far more than to the sister who talks—that she can see.

Once only does he and Reine exchange a word again that evening. He knows she keeps her piano post to avoid him, and he does not approach her. The party breaks up early, and he is the last of all to draw near and wish her good night. There is a certain wistfulness in his eyes, but hers are fixed upon the keys, and she does not observe it. She is striking chords at random as he speaks.

"Good night, petite Reine," he says,

with a smile; "shall you be at home to-morrow evening when I call?"

"I do not know, Monsieur Longworth," she says, with sudden hurry. "There is just one thing I wish to say. It is this: When you speak to grand-mamma, make her understand she must change her will—that all must go to you—that Marie must have half. It is her right, you know," she says, and looks for the first time up at him, a flash in her eyes.

"Oh! confound the money!" Longworth thinks, with inward savagery. "Before heaven, I wish Mrs. Windsor were a beggar. Even this child can think of nothing else."

"Grandmamma will listen to you," pursues mademoiselle. "I think you will find her disappointed in your choice monsieur. I am quite sure—and very naturally—she thinks you must ask Marie."

"Mademoiselle," he says, "I am curious about something. Down yonder in the garden you said this, 'Since it had to be one of us, I am glad it is I.' Now, everything considered, it strikes me that was rather a curious speech."

"A bold one, perhaps, monsieur thinks?"

"Well—no, since there is but one way of interpreting it. Your great love for your sister makes self-abnegation easy. You prefer to sacrifice yourself—since one of you it must be—than see her sacrificed."

"If that explanation satisfies monsieur, it will do as well as any other," responds mademoiselle, coolly; "but it is not precisely what I meant. Do not ask me now—one day I promise to tell you."

"I wonder when that day will come," he says, leaning against the piano, and looking down at her, wondering how any one can think that spirited *mignonne* face plain; "meantime, I am ready to wait—for everything. Only I should like to convince you that if Mrs. Windsor had not a penny, if she hated me, and would cast you off for accepting me, I would still have spoken—ay, and said far more than I have said to you to-night. I wonder if I could?"

Reine looked up at him, the old distrust and doubt, almost aversion, in her gaze.



"Mr. Longworth," she says, frigidly, "I have accepted you. I am ready to marry you; I do not dislike you, and I own you are an honourable gentleman. Is anything more necessary? Believe me, I do not expect fine speeches from you—I would much rather not have them. They force me to doubt your sincerity; and I would rather think you sincere."

"You certainly understand plain speaking," he says, drawing a hard breath, but half laughing. "Suppose—only for curiosity's sake—suppose I told you I was in love with you—would you believe that?"

"Most certainly not, monsieur."

"And why? A man might fall in love with you, might he not, Mademoiselle Reine?"

"I do not know why we are talking nonsense," replies *Mlle. Reine*, looking at him with brightly angry eyes. "You often do, I know; but this is hardly a time or them for jest. We will leave love out of the question, if you please, once and for all. You will speak to Madame Windsor when and how you choose, but these are the terms upon which I accept you—that half her fortune goes to Marie."

"Good night, Mademoiselle Reine," he says, brusquely, and bows and turns to go, but she lays one hand on his sleeve and smiles in his face.

"Now I have made you angry, and all because I would not talk sentimental nonsense. You always shake hands when you say good night, do you not? Indeed, you are always shaking hands, I think. Let us shake hands Monsieur Laurence."

He laughs and obeys, and she goes with him to the door, still smiling radiantly. Is she developing coquetry, too, he wonders?

"The sort of girl to make a fool of any man," he thinks, half grimly, recalling the brilliant eyes and smile; "piquant, provoking, half bewitching, wholly exasperating, having more than any other I ever met that

Caressing and exquisite grace, never bold. Ever present, which just a few women possess.

The day shall come—that I swear—when she will not only forgive me for bringing her here, and refusing to rob

her, but also for asking her to be my wife!"

Mr. Longworth goes on with his usual routine of office work next day, and it is after dinner before he turns his steps towards the gray Stone House. He finds Mrs. Windsor sitting alone in her favourite room, in her favourite chair, her white hands folded in her black silk lap, her eyes fixed on the gray summer evening outside. No voice in high, sweet singing greets him as he draws near, and he feels a curious sense of blankness and disappointment in the fact.

Mrs. Windsor welcomes her friend, and informs him she is suffering from a slight headache, and wonders why he has come to see her this evening.

"Why not this evening?" the gentleman inquires. "Where are the young ladies?"

"Where I imagined you to be, at the concert. Frank Dexter came here for Marie half an hour ago."

"Oh! to be sure, the concert. I had forgotten all about it. And fully intended to ask Reine. By the way, with whom has she gone?"

"Her bosom friend, Miss Hariott, I believe."

Longworth's brow clears. Mrs. Windsor's eyes are fixed piercingly upon him.

"You meant to ask Reine?" she repeats, slowly. "Do I apprehend you correctly? Reine?"

"Reine. Congratulate me, my dear madame, and consent to receive me into your family. Last night I proposed, and was accepted."

"Proposed!" she echoes, in a bewildered way; "last night! Not to—surely not to——"

"Reine. Of course, to Reine. It appears to me I concealed my intentions well, or every one has been singularly blind. When we talked together that night, coming from the picnic, I meant to offer myself to your younger granddaughter, if to either. And I am happy to tell you she has said yes."

"Laurence," Mrs. Windsor says, in slow wonder, "do you mean to tell me you are in love with her?"

"Madame, excuse me. That is a question your granddaughter herself never put. When I answer it, it must be to

her first of all. Will it not suffice that I have asked her to marry me, and she has answered yes?"

"I feel bewildered," Mrs. Windsor says, and she looks it. "Reine, when you might have had Marie. A small, plain, rather sullen-tempered girl, without attractiveness of any sort except good taste in dress and a fine voice, when you might have had rare beauty, grace, and sweetness. This explains why you permitted Frank Dexter to run about with her everywhere. And you really prefer Reine?"

"I really do, he says, almost laughing, "amazing as it appears to be."

"Amazing indeed to me. Of course you must prefer her or you would not ask her. But, Laurence, the girl does not even like you."

"That is my great misfortune. It shall be the labour of my life to try and induce her to change her mind. I do not despair of success in time."

"Well, talk of the perversity of women after this! And when is it to be?"

"What?"

"The wedding, of course."

"Somewhere in the dim and shadowy future. When Mademoiselle Reine does me the honour to overcome her aversion and—well, let us say begins to tolerate me. Not an hour before—this is the express stipulation. I have your consent and approval, madame, I presume?"

"Undoubtedly; but I wish it had been Marie. Reine, I cannot realize it. I never thought of her as your wife. I am confounded."

"No doubt. One's choice invariably confounds one's friends. But I have chosen, and am not likely to change my mind. If I can win Mademoiselle Reine's good opinion after a little, believe me I shall consider myself a most fortunate man."

"I think you must be in love with her," says Mrs. Windsor, thoughtfully, and a conscious smile comes into Longworth's face. "What shall I say to her when she returns, for I am sure I do not know?"

"What you would say to Marie in her place. And, madame," he says, hurriedly, "I wish you would try to like her. Believe me it is a heart of gold, the gold all the purer for the crust

of inferior ore that overlies it. A little kindness from you would go a great way, and she needs kindness, poor child."

"Have I been unkind to her?" Mrs. Windsor says, in proud surprise; "has she been complaining?"

"You know that she had not. And while we are on this subject, pardon my asking if you have destroyed that will of which you spoke to me before they came."

"I have not," she returns, in the same cold voice.

"Then I beg you—may I ask of you to do so. Make another, and give Marie her fair share. Or make none, and let the law divide. It is presumptuous in me to speak to you of this, but I think you will not misunderstand my motive."

"I am not likely to. You have proven yourself abundantly disinterested. I will think of what you say; no doubt the world will hold it only justice. Are you going, Laurence?"

"I must present myself at the concert for an hour at least. Thank you, Mrs. Windsor." He takes her hand as she rises. "How often I seem to have to thank you, but never I think, with quite the same depth of gratitude as to-night."

"You owe me nothing here," she returns, with far less cordiality than usual. "I never thought of this. But you have chosen for yourself. I can only hope you will never repent it."

"That I am sure I shall not, let it end as it may. Good night."

"How sweet are the congratulations of friends!" thinks Longworth, with a shrug, as he shuts the door. "And this is but the beginning of the end. If I had fallen in love with Marie's doll face and doll's soul all would have been proper and well; but I choose a 'queen of noble nature's crowning,' and because her complexion is dark, and that piquant little face irregular, and she is only five feet four in her very highest-heeled shoes, every one will fall into a trance of wonder. As if goodness and greatness were measured by the yard, or diamonds sold by the hundredweight."

Mr. Longworth puts in an appearance at the concert, and does escort duty after for Miss Hariott and Mdlle.



Reine Landelle. Need it be said that Frank Dexter hangs devotedly over Marie? He has not put his fate to the touch yet, Longworth sees; his case is so desperate, the stake is so immense, that he turns coward, and dare not be premature. All things are possible to the man who can wait, and Frank, who never practiced patience before, is testing virtue now to its fullest.

"Has Reine told you?" Longworth asks, as he stands leaning over Hester Hariott's little white gate.

They have left Reine at home, and he has sauntered back with the elder lady to the cottage.

"Reine has told me nothing," she replies, quickly. "Larry, what have you been about?"

"A piece of folly. I dare say, if the truth were known. Asking your Little Queen to marry me."

She stands silent. She loves Reine. She tells herself she has wished for this; but Longworth is her friend, and when a friend marries his friendship must end. They may be "pure as ice, chaste as snow," but the wife is there, and this friendship must cease. And with all her love for Reine, it is a moment before Hester Hariott can speak.

"And so I lose my friend! Well, I'm glad." She draws a long breath, and holds out her hand. "Yes, Laurence," she says, resolutely, "I am glad. You win a treasure in winning Reine Landelle."

"Ah! but I hav'n't won her—at least not yet. I have only asked her to marry me—quite another thing, you understand. Hester, you are her chosen friend, you know her well—tell me if I have any hope."

"I will not tell you one word. Find out for yourself. I am not afraid of your man's vanity ever letting you despair. Little silent witch! To think how confidential we were here all the afternoon, talking of you, too, and that she should never breath a word."

"What were you saying of me?"

"Nothing you will ever hear. What does grandmamma say?"

"Many things, the principal being she would rather it were Marie, and that she gives her consent."

"Marie!" repeats Miss Hariott. "Do you know, Laurence, I do not quite

comprehend Mademoiselle Marie. She seems all right enough, and Reine adores her. She is gentle, and smiling, and too serene-tempered by half for my taste; but I cannot see through her. I don't know what underlies it all. Now, Reine is transparent as crystal. Still, I wonder Marie was not the one you chose."

"Of course you do! I have made up my mind to hear that from every one I know. Perhaps being expected to choose one, the natural contrariety of man made me select the other. There goes eleven; I won't keep you here all night. Good bye. I have your good wishes, I suppose?"

"My very best wishes. Good night."

She stands until he has disappeared, until the last ring of his footsteps dies away, then she turns with a sigh.

"And so it ends! Well, it was pleasant while it lasted, and nothing lasts for ever; life's pleasant things least of all.

Nothing can be as it has been before,

Better so call it, only not the same—

better, no doubt, and since it had to be, I am glad it is Reine. Pretty little dark-eyed Queen!—she ought to be happy as Longworth's wife."

Matrimonial news flies apace—not even misfortune flies faster. Before the end of two days all Baymouth knows that Mr. Longworth of the *Phoenix*, and Miss Reine Landelle are engaged. And every one is astonished.

"Reine!" cries the *vox populi*. "My dear, are you sure? Reine is the younger, you know, and not at all pretty—slight, and dark, and rather thin. It must certainly be the other."

But it is not the other, and "still it spreads, and still the wonder grew."

"To choose the younger when he might have had the other! By Jove!" cries the male *vox populi*, "Longworth always was an odd fish—no other fellow would do it. Still she's a nice little thing, with a magnificent pair of eyes and a stunning voice. What a pot of money he'll get with her—lucky dog that Longworth. Some men always fall on their feet like cats; he's one. Lost one fortune for love, and now wins another—cured by a hair of the dog that bit him. I suppose he's in love with her, though, 'gad, I never saw any sign of it."

It spread far and near. Ladies call

at the Stone House, and speak delicately to Mrs. Windsor, and hear rumour confirmed in headquarters. Reine is the chosen one—no doubt of that. They look at the sisters curiously, as if beholding them for the first time; both are eminently cool, serene, and self collected. Marie's faint, sweet laugh is sweet and ready as ever, Reine's dark eyes are unembarrassed. No jealousy exists between them, that is evident. They understand each other perfectly—all may see that.

The news flies to Mrs. Longworth in its very first flight, and circulates among the boarders. Frank's eyes flash with delight; he wrings his cousin's hand with a grip that makes its owner wince, and congratulates him with a sincerity there can be no mistaking. Congratulations rain upon him indeed, and last of all comes Mrs. Sheldon, extending her white hand, and rather shifting away from the gaze of his blue, piercing eyes.

"Your choice has surprised us," she says; "we all expected it would be Marie. But naturally your taste has changed, and as a blonde man, you prefer brunettes. She will be very rich, and I am sure it is a most desirable match."

"Thanks, Totty," responds Mr. Longworth. "As you say, it is a most desirable match, and even you must consider Mademoiselle Reine's prospective riches as the very least of all her attractions."

He leaves her somewhat abruptly, and goes out on the porch, where his sub-editor sits smoking an after-dinner pipe, and looking unusually grave. Contrary to custom, O'Sullivan has not been the first to wish him joy—has not wished him joy at all, in fact. Longworth approaches, and slaps him on the shoulder.

"*Salve*, O'Sullivan!—son of a hundred kings—*moriturus te salutat!* When all are offering good wishes, why sit you here silent and glum, the Death's Head at the banquet? It's not like you, O. Come, man, speak up."

"Among so many," says Mr. O'Sullivan, dryly, "you can surely dispense with mine. But I wish ye luck, chief—I do indeed. She's a jewel, and you're a trump, and upon me life I'm glad

you've got her. But, faith, I thought it was to be other."

Longworth groans.

"And thou, Brutus! Go to! If that has been said to me once it has been one thousand times in the last two days. Upon my word it is growing too much, and I'll have to brain the very next who says it."

He takes his way to Miss Hariott's, where the sisters and Frank Dexter are also due. There has been a very sentimental and feminine interview between Miss Hariott and Mdlle. Reine, in which the younger maiden has flung herself into the elder maiden's arms in a sudden outburst very unusual with her, and during which the elder shed some tears, also very unusual with her. A number of kisses have been exchanged, sundry good wishes given and received, but, after all, very little has been said, and Mdlle. Reine holds her virgin heart and all that it contains well in her own keeping. Some day Longworth may see it, but Miss Hariott opines despondently that day is still afar off.

They sit out under the trees as usual, and drink tea out of Miss Hariott's china cups, while the gray of the evening wears apace. Frank is close to his liege lady's side; Miss Hariott and Longworth talk "shop," literature, and journalism; and Reine, by herself, peruses a new novel. Frank watches the newly betrothed with quizzical eyes, directs Marie's attention, and finally speaks.

"Well, for a pair of blissful and freshly engaged lovers, commend me to Longworth and Mademoiselle Reine. With what calmness they meet, with what composure they part; the manners of both have all the lofty repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere. Such a word as spooning is unknown in their vocabulary. I wonder how Longworth proposed. I wish I had been near; I require a lesson, and it must have been richness to hear him."

"You require no lessons in easy and natural impertinence at least, young man," says Miss Hariott, with severity; "the impudence of the rising generation is beyond endurance."

Marie laughs. Reine goes on with her novel. Longworth looks imperturbable.



"There is a Spanish proverb," continues Mr. Dexter, unabashed, "which says, 'To be wise and love exceeds man's strength.' Look in Larry's face, owl-like in its impassive wisdom, and credit it who can. But then there are people who do not believe in love? Mademoiselle Reine, do you?"

"Yes," says Reine, and reads on.

"No hope there," pursues Frank. "Longworth, do you?"

"Did I ever say I did not?"

"Actions speak louder than words. Some men only talk misogyny, others act it."

"And I do neither. You may have my *credo*, Baby, if you like. I believe in love; I believe it to be the only thing in Eden which the sin of Adam did not destroy. And I do not speak of the love of father, brother, friend, but of that other which has been in the world since the world first began, and Adam looked on Eve and found her fair; which gray beards and wise heads ignore or pass with a sneer, because their own day has gone and left them bankrupt—the love which binds two human hearts and which fire cannot burn out, nor many waters drown, nor leagues of land sever, nor sickness change, nor death end; which will go on the same for all time—always old, ever new, the strongest passion earth holds—mightier than hate, or avarice, or glory, or ambition—which all the cynics that ever railed can neither alter, nor banish, nor ignore."

Frank lifts himself on his elbows and gazes in a sort of stupefaction at the speaker.

"Powers of earth and air," he exclaims, "what have I said to evoke such a torrent of language? Is this an extract from one of last winter's lectures, Longworth, or is it a *Phoenix* leader for to-morrow's issue?"

"You asked my opinion and you have it, my Baby."

"Have you been listening, Mademoiselle Reine?" goes on Frank. "Yes, I see you have. What do you think of this eloquent and unprovoked outburst? Are those your sentiments too?"

"I endorse every word," responds Reine, with ineffable calm. "Love is the very best thing in all the world."

"Two souls with but a single thought,"

etcetra. Well, Larry, all I have to say is, that for a man of enthusiastic sentiments your practice is phlegmatic and cold blooded to a degree. When I am engaged——"

He pauses, flushes, and looks up at the clear, starlike face before him.

"Continue, Baby. The artless views of youth are ever fresh and entertaining. When you are engaged——"

"When I am engaged I shall not model myself upon your present performance of the *role*, I say no more. If Mademoiselle Reine approves, all is well."

"Mademoiselle Reine approves. 'The King can do no wrong.'" She throws down her book and rises. "I feel musically inclined; if I do not disturb anyone's *tete-a-tete* I shall go in."

"Go in by all means," answers Mr. Dexter, "I always talk best when my remarks are set to music. Sing '*Robert toi que j'aime*'—you can do it better than the coffee-coloured *prima donna* of the concert last week."

"How progresses the yacht, Frank?" inquires Longworth: "it appears to me we do not hear as much of it as we used."

"The yacht will be launched in a fortnight. She is a dazzling beauty, and the admiration of all beholders."

"What do you mean to call her?"

Frank slightly reddens.

"The 'Marie,'" he answers. "Miss Landelle does her the honour to allow me the name, and even promises to perform the christening. Miss Hariott, I am going to take you and Larry and the Misses Landelle for a week's cruise along the coast of Maine. I have often heard you say you would like to visit the Isle of Shoals."

"The 'Marie'—a pretty name, Frank," says Miss Hariott, and glances at Marie herself.

But that fair face is placid, is expressionless almost—it betrays nothing. But to the surprise of all, Reine speaks through the open window, and speaks sharply.

"Nonsense, Monsieur Frank. You must not. Marie, tell him he must not. Yours is not a pretty name for a ship."

"It isn't a ship," says Frank, lazily; "schooner, clipper-built, two hundred tons register, master, Bill Sanders.

Couldn't have a prettier name, the 'Marie.' Nothing better on earth."

"Besides," continues Reine, "it is not fair. I heard you tell Miss Hariott ever so long ago on the Hesperia you meant to call it after her. You must not break your word. Call it the Hester."

"Don't cotton to Hester—never did; no disrespect to Miss Hariott meant. The 'Hester,' as a name for a yacht, is flat, stale, and unprofitable."

"Call it the 'Little Queen,'" suggests Miss Hariott. "You can find no fault with that on the score of prettiness."

"The 'Marie' I have said, the 'Marie' I maintain. Miss Landelle, come to my aid; let me not be overpowered by numbers. You have promised, and I hold you to your word."

"Marie!" Reine exclaims.

There is a world of entreaty, of pain, of pleading in her voice, far more than the occasion would seem to warrant.

Marie turns round, and looks her sister for a moment full in the face; then she speaks.

"Petite," she says, "I have promised, and a promise given, with me it is always a promise kept. It is but a trifle, after all. If Mr. Frank prefers the name—though, as Miss Hariott says 'Little Queen' would be better—it shall be as he wishes."

"And I wish for Marie, always for Marie," says Frank, in a low voice, full of impassioned meaning. He takes her hand in his for a second, and kisses it quickly. "Thank you," he says, "a thousand times."

"We are waiting for your song, Little Queen," calls Miss Hariott, but Reine does not sing.

She plays, however, the "Moonlight Sonata," and when the evening is over and they go home, Longworth sees a cloud on her face all the way.

"What is it?" he wonders; "why does she object to the yacht being named after her sister? Marie herself has said it is but a trifle, after all."

Towards the end of July there is held in Baymouth Baymouth's yearly exhibition. They hold it just outside the town, and mammoth specimens of the vegetable and bovine kingdoms are displayed for the delight and instruction of all beholders. In connection with it there is also a flower show, likewise

sundry bewildering specimens of feminine handicraft, in the shape of Chinese puzzle bed-quilts, rag carpets, and Berlin wool-work. Everybody goes, old and young, fashionable and unfashionable, and as the afternoon wears on Mr. Longworth and Mdlle. Reine Landelle find themselves sauntering under a blazing sun, examining rather listlessly the huge pumpkins and apples, looking appopletic and ready to burst with sheer fatness, the monstrous pigs and sheep, the gaudy patchwork, and flaming rag carpets.

"They are fearfully and wonderfully made," quoth Mr. Longworth; "and the thought that naturally strikes an unimpassioned observer is, how little the people must have to do who make them. But it is broilingly hot. Suppose we go and take one look at the flowers and then drive home?"

Reine assents. It is uncomfortably warm, and the long, cool homeward ride will be pleasant. For it has come to this—she can look forward to a two hours' drive with her affianced without the slightest repulsion. There have been times of late when, without the slightest tinge of coxcombray, Longworth fancies eyes and smile light and welcome him, when she has strolled by his side whither he chose to lead, seemingly well content to be there. To-day they have been together for hours, and she has not shown, does not show now, the slightest weariness of his presence; and as he looks at her, he thinks that perhaps that wedding day need not be put off so indefinitely after all.

They go to look at the flowers. Roses predominate, and perfumes all the air. The band plays, and here the gilded youth and loveliness of Baymouth most do congregate. It is certainly the best of the show to all save the practical agricultural mind that revels in fat pigs and bloated cabbages.

"Look here, Reine," says Mr. Longworth, "at this Gloire de Dijon. Isn't he a splendid fellow—'queen rose of the rosebud garden of——' No, by the by, a mixing up of genders——"

He stops short and looks at her. Her gloved hand has been resting lightly on his arm; he feels it suddenly clench and tighten. Her eyes are fixed, the colour has left her face, her lips are



breathless and apart. Terror, amaze, anger are in her eyes, and with them, and contradicting them, swift, inexpressible gladness. He looks where she looks, and sees a stranger approaching—a young man, faultless of attire, and faultlessly good-looking. It is a face he has seen before—where he cannot at that instant tell. But he recalls directly Reine speaks in a whisper, still with tense grasp on his arm.

“Oh!” she breathes; “it is—it is—Leonce!”

## CHAPTER XXII.

M. LEONCE DURAND.

REINE disengages his hand as the stranger comes up, and makes a step forward, her lips parted, her eyes dilating in the intensity of some great surprise. And still, through the incredulity, mixed with utter amaze, Longworth can see welcome, and gladness, and fear.

A keen, hot, swift pang—is it jealousy?—stings through him as he looks at the object of this sudden white change in his betrothed's face. The stranger is by her side.

“Reine, ma petite; Reine, ma belle!” he hears him say, as he clasps both her hands, and stooping, kisses her on both cheeks.

An angry, haughty flush mounts to Longworth's forehead, a frown contracts his eyebrows.

“Leonce! Leonce!” he hears Reine say, half under her breath, in a terrified sort of whisper; “Leonce, why have you come?”

“Need you ask?” he says, reproachfully. “Because I could not stay away. No need to remind me of my promise. I have broken it with my eyes open. And there is nothing to fear. I intend to be discretion itself. Where is Marie?”

They speak in French, and rapidly, in hurried undertones, but this much Longworth hears. Reine seems to have forgotten him, her companion not to have observed him. Their conversation seems likely to be extremely interesting, more interesting perhaps than agreeable, but he feels no desire to play eavesdropper. The little he has heard has deepened the frown upon his face. Who is this fellow? What promise has he broken in coming here? Why is it

necessary to be discretion itself? Why is there nothing to fear? They still stand, their hands clasped, talking in vehement lowered voices, Reine evidently much excited, indignant, anxious, expostulating; he cool, half smiling, resolutely making light of every entreaty.

They can talk without fear of discovery. The spot is isolated, everybody is around the band. Mr. Longworth can stand afar off, and gaze at the new comer at his leisure. They are so engrossed with one another that he remains in the background unseen and forgotten.

The editor of the *Phoenix* is a cosmopolitan, a thorough man of the world, with no prejudice against any man's nationality, though that man were a Hottentot or a Fiji Islander; but he experiences an invincible and utter repulsion to this young Frenchman at sight:

Nothing in the Frenchman's appearance certainly warrants the repulsion. He is without exception the handsomest man Longworth has ever seen. He is not tall, but his slight figure looks the perfection of manly strength, and a certain square-shouldered, upright military air bespeaks one not unacquainted with soldiering. The colourless olive complexion, the jet black hair, and moustache, the large, brown, melancholy eyes—eyes the most beautiful, competent female critics had ere this agreed, that ever were set in a male creature's head—hands and feet slender and shapely and fit for a prince, the polished and consummate courtesy of a Frenchman of the old *noblesse*—that was M. Leonce Durand, the man who stood with Reine Landelle's hands held close in his, the man at whom Longworth stands and gazes, contempt, irritation, jealousy, all in his cold, sarcastic eyes.

“A sweetly pretty young man,” he thinks, “of the stamp known to extreme bread-and-butter maidenhood as ‘interesting.’ Interesting is the word, I think, for pallid young gentlemen with a tendency to bile, long moustaches, white teeth, and an inch and a quarter of brain. The pity is, that when Nature gives herself so much trouble embellishing the outside, she generally finishes

her work in a hurry, and leaves the inside a blank."

But this is Mr. Longworth's little mistake. Nature, in giving M. Durand more than his fair share of beauty, has by no means forgotten that useful article brains, and to do the young man justice, he valued the latter more than the former. Vain he is not, never has been: His looking-glass and women's eyes have long ago made him so absolutely aware of his extreme good looks that he has ceased to think of them, and accepts the fact that he can hear and see without thinking about it.

Many years ago, when he was a soft-eyed angel in long ebon ringlets and velvet blouse, it had been impressed upon his memory never to be effaced. Walking in the garden of the Tuileries with Madame Durand, the loveliest and greatest lady in all France had stooped with a little exclamation of pleasure and kissed him, and asked him his name. Many years ago truly, and she who was then a radiant bride, peerless throughout the world for her own beauty, was now exiled, widowed, and sorrowing woman; but Leonce Durand grew up with the memory of that caress in his heart, and it was still that memory not so many months before that had nerved his arm against the Prussian foe.

All at once, by a sudden effort, Reine Landelle, in the midst of her excited talk, recalls the fact that she is not alone. Longworth sees her companion glance at him with a slight interrogative elevation of the eyebrows. Directly after both approach.

"Monsieur Longworth," begins Reine, hurriedly, "allow me to present my friend, Monsieur Durand."

M. Durand smiles, touches his hat, and bows with the inimitable ease and grace of his nation. Mr. Longworth lifts his almost an eighth of an inch, as stiffly, and cold, and repellantly as mortal man can perform the act, and in profound silence.

"I have taken Mademoiselle Reine by surprise," says M. Durand, still smilingly, and in unexceptionable English. "I wrote, but I infer my letter has miscarried. Extraordinary, is it not, my coming upon you, Petite, the moment I enter the ground!"

"How did you discover we were here?" Reine asks.

She is still looking pale and agitated, Longworth can see, paler and more agitated than any mere ordinary surprise can account for.

"From Madame Windsor's *femme de chambre*, I suspect," responds M. Durand, coolly, and Reine looks up at him with a faint gasp.

"Leonce! you went there."

"But certainly, *ma Petite*. Is there anything surprising in that? Where else should I go? A very fine old mansion, too; I congratulate you upon your new home. A thrice amiable lady's-maid appeared—informed me you were here—informed me also how I should find my way. I come, and almost the first person I behold is *ma belle cousine*. Voila."

"Ah, you are Mademoiselle Reine's cousin?" remarks Longworth, and unconsciously the contraction between the eyebrows slowly relaxes.

"Her cousin—more than cousin—more than brother—is it not so, *Petite*?" he says, gayly. "Madame Durand, the great aunt of Mademoiselle Reine, was my *belle mere*—my mother-in-law. How is it you say that word, Mr. Longworth?"

"Your stepmother, perhaps."

"Ah! thanks, yes; that is it—my stepmother. I was a little fellow of eight when madame married my father, and *Petite* here a fairy of two when she first came to live with us in the old house in Rouen. Is it to be wondered at, then, having lived together all our lives, I should be transported to meet her again after a separation of *ma foi!*—six endless months?"

"Then, in point of fact, Monsieur Durand," says Mr. Longworth, coldly, "you and Miss Landelle are not related at all?"

"By no tie of blood, *monsieur*," responds the gay Leonce, smiling down into Reine's half-averted face; but there are ties nearer and dearer than even ties of blood. *Petite*, all this time I see not Marie. If *monsieur* will kindly pardon us——"

(To be continued.)



## CANADIAN ESSAYS.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

THERE is yet another bard, an Irish poet, a true and whole soul minstrel whose career stands out as distinct from those of the writers, generally known as the poets of the *Nation*, as does that of Tom Moore—and this one is Gerald Griffin. In certain Irish circles Griffin's works are read and known, but to the public at large, in this country they are sufficiently familiar. Griffin was a writer of romance and a dramatic author of no small merit. In the one branch his *Collegians* and in the other his tragedy of *Gisippus* form sufficient and adequate proof of his great powers. But as a poet—as a sweet and love-stirring minstrel—is he better known and at the shrine of the choicest muses has he plucked the garland that fame has placed upon his brow. As a poet therefore, we will refer to him in this essay, with the hope that it may serve, even in its own sphere, to bring to mind some of his beautiful productions and to inspire some lovers of true literature to read and ponder over the effusion of this gifted son of the Ancient Land.

As in the case of Moore, in our last essay, we will give in a word or two of Griffin's life, and then come to his labors, his genius, his successes as an author and his well merited fame.

Gerald Griffin was born at Limerick, on the 12th December, 1803, of Irish Catholic parents. He was by no means a strong child from a physical point of view, but possessed a certain strength of mind and elasticity of imagination that presaged a man of no ordinary mental powers. He received his first rudiments of instruction from a schoolmaster at Killaloe a place some twenty miles from his native city. The master was a Mr. MacEligot. Once Griffin's mother called upon the teacher and requested of him to make her son Gerald a perfect reader. The master's answer is most indicative of his character—he said, "Madam, I would have you know that you ask what is an impossibility—there are but three persons in all Ireland

who know how to read and they are the Bishop of Killaloe, the Earl of Clare and your humble servant."

Griffin was brought up upon the banks of the Shannon and spent the greater portion of his youth amongst those scenes which he immortalized in some of his glorious productions. His manhood was spent in the centre of London, where he made a living by writing for the press and for the stage. A beautiful and well-chosen collection of his letters was made, some years after his death, by his brother Dr. Griffin and these letters are by no means unworthy of the great author.

Disappointed in life, sick of the vanities of this world and disgusted with its pomp and glitter, Gerald determined to leave it aside and to join a religious order. He chose that of the Christian Brothers, and on the 8th September, 1838, he bade adieu to the world.

On the 15th of October in the same year, he made his perpetual vows and in one step he went from busy active life into solitude and retirement. At 7 a m, Friday the 12th June, 1840, he departed this life, and on the following Monday the 15th, he was buried with the Brothers of his holy order who had gone before him on the way to eternity. Pious and calm was the death of this really good man. Lamented by all who knew him, lamented above all by the lovers of Ireland and of her literature. Griffin sunk into an early but not un-honored grave. Although for two years he had been dead to the world, yet the news of his loss awoke throughout the Island a wail of lament that shall ever be remembered by those who lived in that time.

Gerald Griffin was a poet—aye, and a true and real one was he! One of his choicest productions, a few lines which he once wrote for his sister, entitled, "Know ye not that lovely river?"—gave rise to the following comment from a poet and critic of no small merit. "The exquisite tenderness and depth of the feeling conveyed in these lines render them, like those touching ones addressed by the late Rev. C. Woulfe to 'Mary'; they are glorious indeed!"

We would now refer the reader to some of Griffin's productions with a hope that these few pages may inspire

him with a desire to read more fully and study and ponder over those works of a good man.

Two of his lengthier poems are first worthy of notice—one of these is, "The fate of Cathleen," a Wicklow story; the other is more elaborate and descriptive of scenes, more familiar to the poet, his "Shanid Castle."

"On Shannon side the day is closing fair,  
The Kern sits musing by his shielling  
low,  
And marks beyond the lonely hills of Clare  
Blue, rimm'd with gold, the clouds of  
sunset glow." etc.

Thus does Griffin open a poem, that is beautiful in its descriptions and touching in all its charms. In this poem with the minstrel's pencil, he paints to the imagination the scenes of his childhood. Those are the scenes which make a first impress upon the mind and which are there retained the longest and most unaltered. It is a glowing tribute of a bard to the hills and vales wherein he spent the guileless hours of innocence and peace.

Gazing around him, Griffin saw with sorrow that the sons of old Erin were divided. He read Moore's "Erin the tear and the smile in thine eye," and it suggested to his fertile mind a theme that was noble and patriotic, and the execution which was most successful. Thus sprang into existence the poem, so well known to Irishmen to-day, "The Orange and Green."

But not in his lengthier works was Griffin most successful. His lyrical poems were tinged with a softer, finer and more delicate hue than all his long and elaborate productions.

How beautiful and touching that burst of feeling and regret, when thinking of his present state and lamenting the days gone by, he gave forth his soul in that sweet lyric—"Old times! old times!" Read the second last stanza—

"And sure the land is nothing changed,  
The birds are singing still;  
The flowers are springing where we ranged,  
There's sunshine on the hill!

The sally waving o'er my head  
Still sweetly shades my frame—  
But oh, those happy days are fled  
And your not the same!

Old times! old times!"

They talk of ballads written for the peasants ear; they tell us of love poems

that can bring a throb to the young and expectant heart, a tear to the bright eye of youthful affection; they boast of songs that tell the fond-hearted and loving the story of their own minds, desires, and ambitions—but these all vanish and pale before three of Griffin's poems!

Have you read, dear reader, "Aileen Aroon?"—If not, speak no more of love-songs until you have learned every stanza of it by heart. And again how delicately but how faithful that old song of the Irish crone—the *Shule agra* is woven into Gerald's more refined and more charming ballad, "My Mary of the curling hair." Is it not the type of an Irish ballad?"

"My Mary of the curling hair,  
The laughing teeth and bashful air,  
Our bridal morn is dawning fair,  
With blushes in the skies.  
*Shule! shule! shule! agra,*  
*Shule, asucur, agus, shule aroon.*  
My love! my pearl!  
My own dear girl!  
My mountain maid arise!"

But if we read in this the gushings of a heart that knew naught but what was noble and good, we learn from the next the contentment, peace, happiness, joy and affection that must necessarily flow to such a one as this Irish bard, when his fondest hopes are realized. Even the London press of the times has declared the following "an inimitable ballad. We refer to his "*Gilli-ma-chree*." It thus opens—

"*Gilli-ma-chree,*  
Sit down by me,  
We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever;  
This hearth's our own,  
Our hearts are one  
And peace is ours for ever!"

But Griffin did not always write in this style. With his gushings of affection he mingled that great and true devotion which in his last years led him to the religious life.

In his "Nano Nagle," we find a lottier strain of thought and a bolder execution than perhaps in any other of his poems—if we except his never-to-be-forgotten lines on the "Sister of Charity." The latter is one of the sweetest and loveliest poems we have in English. It is at once an index to the character of the author. One, in reading it, cannot be for a moment surprised when he learns that Griffin died a monk. The



"Sister of Charity" is too well known to render it necessary that we should cite any passage from it.

There is another of his poems—one of great length and on of equally great beauty which was the rage in Ireland when first it came before the public—it is a story, in itself of little interest, but one which has been so embellished by the subject of this essay, that it stands upon a very high range in the literary degrees of merit. It is entitled "Matt Hyland"—Griffin's appeal to Fancy in the opening stanzas of this production is perhaps one of the finest introductions to a lengthy poem we can find in English.

There yet remains a poem of Griffin's that has served greatly to give a certain stamp and character to his writings and which we have noticed has been, at times, misquoted by certain American papers. The title of the poem is "The poet's prophesy." We have seen it twice published over the signature "Anon." It is but an act of justice to the real author to have it known by whom it was really composed. On another occasion we saw it over the signature of the late lamented Thomas D'Arcy McGee. Mr. McGee did not write, neither did he ever sign his name to it—but unthinking, and I might say too hasty publishers and editors finding this beautiful production and not knowing who the author was and knowing the sad fate of the Hon. Mr. McGee, gave it to the public, supposing that it came from his pen. The author of "The Celts,"—of "Homeward Bound,"—of "*Miserere Domine*," and of a thousand other glowing, patriotic and noble poems needed not the production of any other poet to add a new lustre to the halo that will ever encircle his name—besides the following was published by Griffin even before Mr. McGee (as Amergin) wrote a line of verse.

We make this remark, not to injure the memory of the great orator, statesman, patriot, historian and poet that sleeps in his untimely grave on Mount Royal—but to do justice to the subject of these few remarks. We will here give a few stanzas from Griffin's poems and following by a remark or two we will close this essay.

"In the time of my boyhood I had a strange feeling,  
That I was to die at the noon of my day;  
Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,  
But torn, like a blasted oak, sudden away.

"That even in the hour when enjoyment was keenest,  
My lamp should quench suddenly hissing  
in gloom,  
That even when mine honors were freshest  
and greenest,  
A blight should rush over and scatter their bloom—

"It might be a fancy—it might be the glooming,  
Of dark visions taking the semblance of truth,  
And it might be the shade of the storm that is coming,  
Cast thus in its morn thro' the sunshine of youth.

"But be it a dream or a mystic revealing,  
The bodement has haunted me year after year,  
And whenever my bosom with rapture was filling,  
I paused for the footfall of fate at mine ear.

\* \* \* \* \*

"O friend of my heart! if that doom should fall on me,  
And thou shouldst live on to remember my love—  
Come oft to the tomb when the earth lies upon me  
And list to the even-wind moaning above.

\* \* \* \* \*

Remember me L . . . , when I am departed  
Live over those moments, when they, too,  
are gone;  
Be still to your minstrel the soft and kind-hearted—  
And droop o'er the marble where he lies alone.

But oh, in that moment when over him sighing,  
Forgive, if his failings should flash on thy brain,  
Remember the heart that beneath thee is lying,  
Can never awake to offend thee again—

\* \* \* \* \*

This poem is nearly three times as long as the extracts we have chosen, but we think these quite sufficient for the double purpose of identifying the ballad and giving an idea of the exquisite feeling with which this noble poet wrote.

It will be easily seen that we have not spoken of Griffin as we did of Moore. We ascribed to the subject of this essay

no particular roll in the drama of the times. In fact Griffin was not a politician. He loved Ireland and Irishmen as few could love them—he wished for the welfare of his land as few could wish for it—but he never chose to come forward amongst the leaders of any party or any sect. He labored alone and in private. However, his works and above all his poems had a great influence upon the Irish people and helped to a large extent in forwarding the interests and views of the more political and more strictly *national* writers and poets that appeared upon the scene about the close of Griffin's life.

Griffin died in 1840, and it was about that year that the poets of the *Nation* began to appear. Moore had fulfilled the mission of which we spoke in our last essay—Griffin had opened the way to a new and more national, patriotic, and Irish literature than had heretofore existed. Griffin died, leaving to men as shall form subjects for future essays the task of educating, instructing, and lifting up the mass of the Irish people to an elevation from which they could easily contemplate and justly appreciate their position. The great Repeal movement of O'Connell was then in full operation and the *Nation*, that famous organ of the "Young Ireland" party was in full sway.

Griffin was a transition from one class to another. May his memory never die out in Erin!

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#### CHIT-CHAT.

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—"Why do not the Irish tenants emigrate?" Nay, surely it is the *landlords* that ought to emigrate, not the *tenants*. The landlords are rich and can afford it—the tenants are poor, and have not wherewithal to pay their passage. The landlords can buy lands in a new country—the tenants would have to beg. The landlords are, many of them the descendants of English and Scotch carpet-baggers who have no title to the land—the tenants are the original children of the soil. The landlords emigrated into Ireland a few centuries ago when they got their lands for nothing; why should they not emigrate again *out* of Ireland? their hold

is not strong on the land. The tenants have been in the land since the flood, their root is deep in the soil.

It is the landlords then that should emigrate, (if any one has to go,) not the tenants.

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—Nor have the landlords any home ties to bind them to Ireland. Already most of them are emigrants, since they seldom or never set foot in Ireland. "C'est le premier pas qui coute" says the French proverb. They have taken this "premier pas" by leaving Ireland. Their emigration is half accomplished. Let them depart in peace.

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—Are we making drunkards? We fear so. And it is thus. In our schools both public and separate, the water pail is ever present, an incentive to drink in season and *out of season*. Children kept in school during long school hours are always glad of the slightest excuse for change. This is afforded them by the water pail in the porch or in some distant corner of the school. Thither they go, not-thirsty as often as thirsty. Hence arises an artificial thirst for water. The water of school in after years become the whiskey of manhood and womanhood, and thus are manufactured adult drunkards.

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—"But our children *must* drink when they are thirsty." *Must* drink! Why? Where is the "must"? Do you allow them to eat between meals whenever they are hungry? To do so is to destroy their digestion. I do not see a dinner table spread for them in our school-rooms; why then a pail of water? *Must* drink forsooth! Why must they? How long, pray, are your children in school? Three hours *at the most*. And is three hours too long to go without drinking, they will have to thirst many three hours in after life.

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—But would you keep a child thirsting *three hours*? Yes; three hours and *thirty* if it is for its good. A child in ordinary health, (and none other has any right in school) can easily fast from drinking three hours. But are you not exaggerating? The child leaves home



immediately after its morning and noon meal. That is the time for it to drink its fill. Have you any right then to suppose, that it is ever three hours thirsty. You have no more right to suppose so, than to suppose that it is three hours hungry.

—"But thirst is more recurrent and urgent than hunger." Yes; and can be made more recurrent and urgent by indulgence. Have you never had an imaginary thirst? Go to bed thirsty and see whether you will be thirsty in the morning? You will not; and your sleep will have been sound and refreshing, whereas had you through want of self-control indulged in a copious draught, it would have staid like lead upon your stomach inducing perhaps night-mare, and certainly restless rest.

—But even supposing that your child has to thirst three hours—what then? Is that too much forbearance? You want your child to be a man-man not a baby-man. And what is three hours self-denial to a man-man? or a woman-woman. If you want your child to grow up for ever "muling and pukeing in its nurse's arms" grant it every indulgence—let it want for nothing—let its every passion be formented. But if you want a true man teach your child lessons of self-restraint, lessons of manly suffering; teach it to make hunger and thirst, its *slaves* and not its *masters*. Even the Christian slave of St. Augustine's time knew this.

Listen to Saint Augustine (Conf. IX. s.) speaking of that aged slave-nurse, who formed the manners of that dear mother, who afterwards became St. Monica, and gave the world its Augustine. She, (Monica) he says, praised less the zeal of her own mother, than that of an aged slave, who had formerly nursed her father. Gratitude joined with respect for her age and holy manners had gained for her in this Christian household a great confidence. Hence they confided their children to her care and scrupulously did she fulfil her duty. Prudent and discreet in the lessons she gave them, she at the same time knew when to exercise a holy strictness. For instance; excepting at meal times, she

never allowed them *whatever might be their thirst* to drink *even water*. She foresaw and dreaded the consequences of this *bad habit*, and used to advise them in these words of holy wisdom. "Now you would only drink water, because wine is not in your power; but one day you will be married and become mistresses of your cupboards and cellars. Then you will disdain water, and immediately the habit of drinking will come upon you." This Christian slave-nurse was wise according to knowledge. Would to God our Christian *freewomen* had her knowledge. We should have more *Monicas* and fewer *Bacchantes*.

—Since the year 1830, (just 51 years,) forty-eight Coercion Acts have been passed for Ireland. This is government with a vengeance. If Ireland had undertaken to govern England, and in doing so had found it necessary to suspend its constitution forty-eight times in fifty-one years, Ireland would be declared incapable, imbecile and unworthy to govern. When will it begin to dawn upon the crass mind of John Bull that in his ridiculous attempts to govern Ireland, he is only making a fool of himself. If he does not discover it soon the world will cease to read John Bull, and the wits will write Jack Ass.

—Some one writing to George Augustus Sala, in "*The Illustrated London News*," asks him to hunt up an English word to express the French "cloture," Surely our English language is too great, too good, too noble to afford a word to express so foul a thing. Cloture is a word of French republican origin and means "suppression of minorities,"—"might above right"—"no Irish need apply." Surely our English vocabulary contains no word, which can express such a base idea. Do not do it George Augustus Sala. If you have any regard for the purity of our English language, do not do it.

H. B.

It does not help the temperance movement a particle for young men to take a pledge at the pawnbroker's.

## MUSINGS.

## I.

In the forest old and hoary, 'neath the elms aged and tall,  
 'Neath the pine tree's waving branches whence eternal shadows fall—  
 I am sitting—"Tis the evening of a summer Sabbath day  
 Listening to the blue birds twitter in the golden mellow ray—  
 Gazing at the nimble squirrels hopping 'round among the trees;  
 Heaving melodies so ancient in the hummings of the breeze;  
 Pausing, dreaming, thinking, feeling, scarcely knowing what I feel,  
 'Till the present disappearing long lost memories now reveal.

## II.

'Tis the forest old and hoary,—here are elms aged and grand,  
 Here the mighty pine and hemlock, and the oak and birch tree stand,  
 Here the blue-birds gayly twitter in the golden summer ray,  
 Singing hymns of praise to heaven on that holy Sabbath day—  
 And the breezes here are humming, and the elm bends its head,  
 And they seem to sing the requiem of the long departed dead—  
 Of the dead that here for ages 'neath the giant monarchs sleep—  
 Dead, who died perhaps unknown and for whom none knew to weep!

## III.

Dusky sons and daughters, dusky of the olden Indian race—  
 Nature's own and stern children of whom now there's scarce a trace.  
 Few, perchance, with spirit olden now we find upon the sod—  
 But the race no longer liveth—it has gone to Nature's god—  
 God of Nature, whom they worshipped in their simple noble hearts,  
 For the God of Revelation to each human child imparts  
 A same love and same devotion towards the Mystic Spirit Great!  
 'Twas Himself they called the Spirit—and his dispensations Fate!

## IV.

Ah! I love to sit and linger, and to think upon the times,  
 Long before the forest murmurs echoed back the village chimes;  
 Long before the foot of whiteman on this glorious land was set;  
 Long before the white and Indian in the deadly conflict met;  
 Long before the native heroes bow'd before their "prophets blest;"  
 Long before they struck their wigwams turning towards the glowing West,  
 Long before the council-blazes were extinguished in the wood—  
 When this land so great and mighty was a trackless solitude!

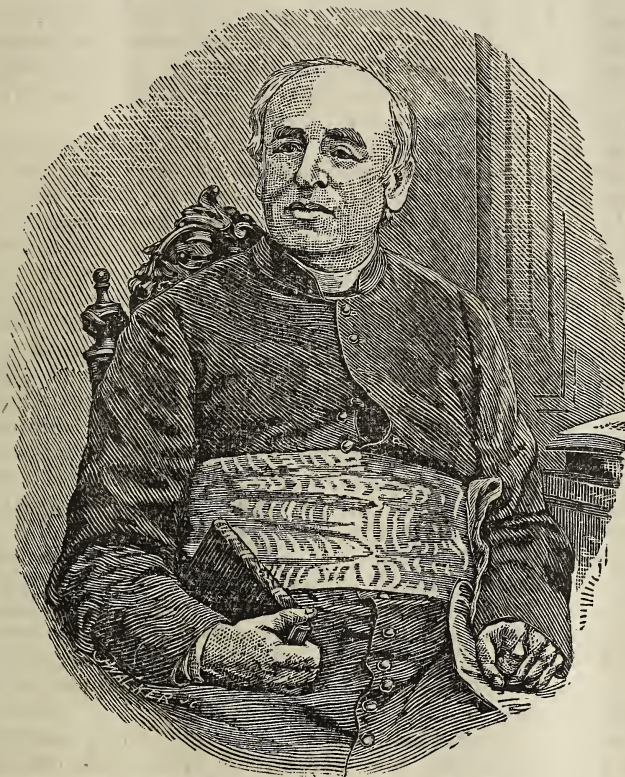
## V.

Ah! I love to go in spirit on the pinnions of the breeze,  
 Back, back to the scenes now olden, scenes far grander, far, than these;  
 And in fancy through the forest with a dusky guide to rove,  
 And to drink the flowing waters from the stream I've learn'd to love!  
 Ah! I love to dream in quiet on the spectre ages ghast—  
 And to conjure up before me dusky spirits of the past!  
 And to live as if transported to the ages long since flown,  
 And forget the cold and dreary, aye troubled, that is my own!

## VI.

Ah! I love to ramble often on a Sabbath afternoon—  
 Be it towards the close of Autumn or the lengthening days of June,  
 And to sit me on a hillock, 'neath the ever waving elms,  
 And to hear the sounds that tell me of the far off fairy realms,  
 And to see the glow of Nature and the scenes of Nature's birth,  
 And drink the thousand beauties that in glory deck the earth—  
 And to look into the present and to praise the God of heaven  
 For the mind and life and graces to an humble creature given!





THE LATE MONSIGNOR C. F. CAZEAU.

*Recte et Misericorditer.*

It had been fondly looked forward to to present the readers of THE HARP with the accompanying portrait of the universally lamented Monsignor—"Father"—Cazeau in the May number when he would have completed his twenty-fifty year—his Silver Jubilee—as Chaplain of the crowning work of his well-spent life, the Asylum of the Good Shepherd in the city of Quebec. It was not to be so, however; an All-wise Providence has ruled it otherwise, and the sad duty devolves upon the present writer of endeavoring to portray in the following necessarily limited pages, however imperfectly, the goodness, the fatherly tenderness, in a word, the virtues of one who was respected in life, and whose memory shall be ever dear not alone to Irish Catholics but to all who had the opportunity of becoming acquainted in the slightest degree with the workings of that "great heart" which on the 26th February last ceased to beat.

Right Reverend Charles Felix Cazeau,

was born in the city of Quebec on the 24th December, 1807 and, consequently, at his death had passed his seventy-third year. His mother had attained her fiftieth year when he saw the light and shortly afterwards his father died. Whilst the latter was suffering from the malady which was to terminate fatally, the poor mother said one day to a sympathising neighbor—"What is to become of this poor child?" to which the prophetic answer was: "He shall be the staff of your old age"—a prophecy which was more than realized.

It is told of him that during his college life he never failed to keep up a constant correspondence with his beloved mother. So remarkable was he in this respect that one day, when a Professor of the college (Nicolet) was reproaching some of the boys for not writing more regularly to their parents, the latter pleaded by way of justification that they did not know what to write about! when they were told to "go and

find young Cazeau. He," said the Professor, "will tell you what to say."

An especial favorite of the great Canadian Prelate—Statesman, Mgr. Plessis, Mr. Cazeau received minor orders at his hands, at the age of seventeen and on the same day was appointed Sub-Secretary of the diocese. Soon after his ordination to the Priesthood, on the 3rd January, 1830, the then Bishop of Quebec, Mgr. Panet, raised him to the important office of Secretary and at the same time placed him in charge of the chapel of the Congregation of Men of our Lady—a post which he filled for seventeen years when he was relieved by the Jesuit Fathers. In 1850 he was raised by Mgr. Turgeon to the high and responsible position of Vicar-General which he continued to fill up to the hour of his death; thus serving in various important positions under six bishops of Quebec—the Mother church of North America—having in the meantime also acted as Administrator during the vacancies which occurred in the See and during the absences of the venerable incumbents. It was a fitting reward of his faithful service when the late venerable Pius IX created him a Prelate of the Pontifical household, making use of the following memorable words: "We desire to crown with honor this virtuous Priest who enjoys the esteem which he deserves by his merits; in order that crowned with the aureole which we place upon his head he may shine with more splendour!" And if anything were wanting to add to this testimony of his worth it is to be found in the words of the present distinguished successor of Laval, who himself delivered the funeral oration. Said His Grace: "I can bear testimony to his devotedness; his ability in matters of great difficulty; his wonderful memory. His duties were many and onerous but he found time for all of them. His life may be compared to the lamp of the sanctuary which continues to burn night and day in the Presence of our Lord; it is never extinguished, and so was it with the zeal, the devotedness, of Monsignor Cazeau!"

But why seek for this testimony? Is not the name of "Father" Cazeau "a household word" throughout the length and breath of this land? Hear those

speakers—alas! there are only a few left—who remember the dreadful scourge of Cholera in 1832, and they will tell you of the activity and the zeal of the young Priest.

Listen to those who remember the two fires which swept this good old City in May and June, 1845, and you will hear a chorus of praise of him who had already become conspicuous as a public benefactor. They may consider themselves as yet young who remember the great fire-scourge of October 1866, and to them it is unnecessary to speak of the unceasing tireless exertions of "Father" Cazeau, now become Vicar-General, on behalf of the hapless families who saw their all disappear in a few hours.

But what shall be said—how shall it be approached—the great, the most glorious episode of his life; that which shall stand forth even as one of Erin's own famous round towers pointing

" \* \* \* through the waves of time to the long faded glories they cover."

1847! what sorrowful memories surround that dreadful year when so many of "unhappy, but always faithful" Ireland's still more unfortunate children fled "from their own dear land to find in America but a grave!" The heart sickens and the hand involuntarily refuses to hold the pen at the remembrance of those times. But there is a "silver lining" to the cloud. What had become of those waifs thrown upon the shores of a new land, amongst a people whose language they did not understand if he who was destined to be a father to them had not been there to receive them in his paternal embrace; to comfort them and provide homes for them. What indeed? Let His Grace of Quebec—who, himself, witnessed those scenes—speak: "He ("Father" Cazeau.)

"BECAME THE FATHER OF NO LESS THAN SEVEN HUNDRED ORPHANS."

But this was not all. Did he, having once provided them with homes, abandon them? No! He followed them through life. Whether they entered the Sanctuary or the Cloister, or became the fathers and mothers of virtuous families, he never lost sight of them. They were always dear to him; "he rejoiced with them in their rejoicings and their sorrows were his own."



Ah! ye Irishmen and Irishwomen who may read these pages albeit ye may have never seen the great, the good man who has been taken from us, it would ill become ye ever to forget him who has been so truthfully called the "Irishman's friend." He was your friend: he was mine; he was the "good friend, the true friend" of our kith and kin. Within the past year he was heard to say with a pride chastened by sorrow that for some weeks in that dreadful '47 he was "the only 'Irish' Priest in the city." This was from the fact of his having been obliged to officiate in St. Patrick's; his friend the lamented Father McMahon was confined to his bed, and his assistants were also either ill or absent at Grosse Isle.

But whilst Father Cazeau was thus careful of the Irish, he never forgot that he was a French Canadian. His charity was as the pure gold. Says a well-known Irish priest writing from Western Ontario: "While he loved the Irish people with a sincere love still he was a thorough French Canadian, which goes to show that he had a place for everybody in his great heart."

Let it then be the duty of all—French and Irish alike—to help to put a stone in the monument which is about to be raised to his memory in the Rock City!

It is only a little over a year ago that the Golden Jubilee of Mgr. Cazeau was celebrated. The celebration was joined in by all—our Protestant fellow-citizens with whom he was also a general favourite fully entering into the spirit of it—and it extended over nearly two weeks; being abruptly brought to a close by the premonitory symptoms of the illness which later on proved fatal. On that occasion he was the recipient of many gifts and honors. Amongst the latter may be mentioned his appointment as honorary Canon of the united dioceses of Aquin, Pontecorvo and Soro in Italy by his friend Bishop Persico, formerly Bishop of Savannah, U. S., and later a resident of this city, which conferred the right of wearing the mitre but, his humility would not allow him to avail himself of it; he was also appointed Vicar General by the distinguished Archbishop of Toronto—an act which gave illimitable pleasure as well to the illustrious deceased as to his

Grace's countrymen in this city. He was presented with addresses and testimonials by his own fellow-countrymen and by the Congregation of St. Patrick's. Never, however, shall the present writer forget the memorable morning of the 3rd January, 1880, when at an early hour it was his "proud privilege" to be the bearer of a letter to him enclosing fifty-one pound notes subscribed by twelve Irishmen as "a slight mark of their high appreciation of his generous, whole-souled care and regard for the spiritual and temporal interests of Irish Catholics, during his long career in the Sacred Ministry, but more especially during the dread year 1847;" nor the deep emotion shown by the illustrious deceased at that moment.

Monsignor Cazeau's position in the diocese naturally brought him into contact also with all the distinguished men of his time in this country. The various Governors who have ruled the destinies of the country and amongst Canadians, the men who have taken an active part in public life; the Morins, the Bedards, the Cartiers, the Lafontaines and others: what a flood of light would his letters and correspondence throw upon otherwise obscure points in our history? For his habits were such that there can be no doubt but that all are preserved with the most scrupulous care. It is said that he scarcely ever wrote a letter of which he did not keep a copy or at all events a synopsis of their contents. A notable instance of his systematic exactitude is to be found in the register which he kept of the orphans of whom he took charge in 1847. There will be found the name of each child and those of its parents; the part of Ireland from which they came; the name of the ship; the family with which the child was placed and other particulars as near as could be ascertained. In a word it is as complete a record as it was possible to make under the circumstances.

It would indeed be ill done to close the present brief and very imperfect sketch without once again referring to that institution of which he was for a quarter of a century the friend, the benefactor, the veritable "Good Shepherd." He saw it grow up under his fostering care from being a small

sapling till now it is a great tree, with some ten or twelve flourishing branches extending through the eastern portion of the ancient Province of Quebec. His last acts were on behalf of its inmates. On Sunday the twentieth of February, he celebrated the Community mass, heard confessions during the forenoon and again in the afternoon, preached in French and English to his ever dear "penitents" and officiated at benediction. On Monday the first symptoms of his illness—inflammation of the lungs declared themselves, and on the following Saturday morning, at ten minutes past one o'clock he yielded up his soul into the hands of Him who has promised to reward the bestowal of even a cup of cold water in His name. His body lies in the humble cemetery of the Asylum. This at his own request; a grave was all the earthly recompense he asked of his dear spiritual daughters for his twenty-five years of faithful and devoted service.

It is unnecessary to refer to the deep and heartfelt sorrow, with which the news of his death was received by all classes—French and Irish, Protestant and Catholic. The scenes at the Asylum are described as heartrending. None felt the loss of their good father, friend and counsellor more than the good Nuns and their charge. They received the sympathy of the whole community.

It is pleasing to know that steps have already been taken to perpetuate the memory of Monsignor Cazeau by a monument which will be erected in the City of Quebec. But this is not a merely local matter; all, and especially Irish Catholics, throughout this land are interested in the matter. Let every one, then, contribute their mite towards it.

BRANNAGH.

### THE "INCONGRUITIES" OF CATHOLIC WORSHIP.

BUT we Protestants cannot understand the language of your Mass.

You are not expected to understand it—you are not wanted to understand it; in fact you are not wanted in our

churches at all during mass. Remember how such gentry as you were treated in the early ages of Christianity: you were not allowed in the churches at all. The Mass was held so sacred that no Jew nor Pagan, nor, for the matter of that, uninitiated (*i.e.* uninstructed) Christian was allowed to remain. To the sermon, and to the introductory part of the Mass all might come; but no sooner was the Offertory about to be made, than the deacon turning to the assembled people cried out with voice loud and authoritative, "Let the Catechumens retire." Then arose all, who had not yet been sufficiently instructed in the mysteries of our holy religion, and moving to the door they went out, longing for the day when they would be allowed to remain. Then throughout the congregation was search made, careful and minute, to see lest any Pagan or Jew might perchance have ventured in; and if found either the sacred mysteries (the Mass) were not proceeded with, or the intruder was hustled out. No non-believer was allowed in the Christian churches in those days—and why then should they be allowed in now? You do not believe in the Sacred Presence—what right have you then in that Sacred Presence. You have none; you can have none. You surely do not go to scoff—that were uncivil; you do not go to pray—why then are you there? Out of curiosity? Surely not. The Real Presence is too sacred for curiosity. "But I do not believe in it." At least then respect the feelings of those who do. Remain out of "the Real Presence" until faith shews you "the Real Presence."

And do not deem the language of our Mass *incongruous*. Remember what we have said as to the vestments of the priest—they are vestments of the sacrifice—to distinguish the sacrifice and the sacrificer. So with the language of the Mass it is the language of sacrifice—to distinguish the sacrifice and the sacrificer. And the sacrifice is for all time and for all nations, hence it must be a language for all time and all nations. And if a language for all time and all nations it must be a dead language. A living language is liable to change and hence could not be for all time. In living languages we find the same word meaning one thing in one century



and another in another century. It is evident then, that a living language cannot be the language of sacrifice, if that sacrifice has to be the same for all time. Unity then demands a dead language—one whose meanings are fixed and unchangeable. The trouble with you outsiders is, that you gauge everything by your outside notions. Could the Goth and the Hun understand Roman civilization? Neither can you from without understand the beauty of the King's daughter which is within. If the Catholic Church were a national church only, she might then use a national language, though even this would be liable to change. But a Church which is to be Universal, must have her liturgy clothed in a universal language. It is too late in this nineteenth century to object to this language of our liturgy. In these cosmopolitan days every thing calls for assimilation. The financial world wants unity of currency—the scientific world unity of scientific terms—the travelling world unity of language. The Catholic world has long ago followed up this idea in her liturgy. One Church, One Faith, One Liturgy. The language of our Mass then far from being incongruous, is far in advance of the financial scientific and travelled world.

H. B.

#### DEATHS FROM FRIGHT.

THE first King of Prussia, Frederick I., was sleeping one day in an arm chair, when his wife, Louisa of Mecklenburg, who had fallen into a state of hopeless insanity, having escaped from her keepers, succeeded in making her way to the private apartments, and after wounding herself in her efforts to break through a glass door, cast herself upon her husband in a state of furious delirium. The King, from whom her malady had been carefully concealed, was so horrified at the aspect of this woman covered with blood, and clad only in some linen garments, that he imagined he saw before him the "White Lady," whose apparition, according to an ancient tradition, invariably announced the death of a prince of the house of Brandenburg. He was at that instant

seized with a violent fever, of which he died six weeks afterwards, aged fifty-six. The death of the Dutch painter, Penteman, in the seventeenth century, was occasioned by an extraordinary circumstance. Being engaged upon a picture in which were represented several death's heads, skeletons, and other objects fitted to inspire in the heart of the beholder a contempt for the amusements and vanities of the age, he in order to have the benefit of studying these objects from nature was accustomed to repair to an anatomical cabinet, which served him for a studio. One sultry day while engaged in drawing from the melancholy relics of mortality by which he was surrounded he was overcome with drowsiness, and, after several fruitless efforts to continue his work, at length succumbed to the power of sleep. He had slept but a short time when he suddenly awoke by an extraordinary noise. What was his horror on looking up when he beheld the skulls and bones around him agitated by an extraordinary and apparently supernatural movement, and the skeletons suspended from the ceiling clashing violently together. Seized with a sudden panic, Penteman rushed in terror from the room, cast himself headlong from the staircase window and fell into the street half dead. On recovering his senses he learned that the spectacle which had so terrified him arose from natural causes, having been occasioned by an earthquake. But the shock received by his nervous system was so great that he never rallied, and he died in a few days after. The French Marshal de Montreval, "whose whole soul," according to Saint Simon, "was but ambition and lucre, without ever having been able to distinguish his right hand from his left, but concealing his universal ignorance with his audacity, which favor, fashion and birth protected," was so superstitious that one day at a public dinner, a salt-cellar having been accidentally upset in his lap, he was seized with such terror at this untoward occurrence that he rose from his seat, declaring that he was a dead man. In fact no sooner had he got home when he was attacked by fever and died a few days afterwards, in the year 1716.

## SONG OF THE BARD.

## PART II.

Great Crimthan, when fortune or Fate was  
averse  
Could feel for his allies and friends in dis-  
tress,  
He never had failed his assistance to lend  
To those who their homes and their land  
would defend;  
The tribe or the nation knew where aid to  
seek  
When Power and Passion pressed hard on  
the weak.  
He sailed with his fleet and his high figured  
prow  
Was first the blue waves of the ocean to  
plough,  
His ships and his shallows as flocks of geese  
fly,  
His troops are as countless as stars in the  
sky,  
Their prowess is burning—impatient they  
wield  
The bow and the arrow, the pike and the  
shield,  
The decks glisten brightly with bucklers  
and arms  
That oft before gleamed amidst war's dread  
alarms,  
On freight, bronze and iron, the morning  
beams glance,  
On battle-axe, sword and the tall bristling  
lance;  
When carvel and currach were launched  
from the shores  
The foam of the ocean was lashed with their  
oars;  
The Sun-burst was floating from Crimthan's  
mast-head,  
At peak and at taffrail green banners were  
spread;  
The squadron moved on—martial strains  
backward flowed,  
While souls of the warriors with ardency  
glowed.

I need not say how loud and long their  
cheers,  
Though on the beach were women's wail  
and tears,  
Nor need I tell how close the links that  
bind  
A clansman's heart to those he leaves be-  
hind.  
But when on foreign strand was moored the  
fleet,  
Forth rushed the bands their enemy to meet,  
Each headed by its chief, whose wild war-  
cry  
From rock and hill reverberated high,  
The spear o'er head, as bright as sharp was  
seen,  
In belt the *Sparthe* (a), in hand the ready  
*Skeinc*, (b)

Each with his leader to obedience kept  
Had followed close the colours of his sept.  
A flight of arrows fell upon the foe  
Which staggered back the dwellers by the  
Po,  
Then lance and bow and target thrown away  
They plunged into the thickest of the fray;  
And pressed on where the royal flag in sight  
Told all there raged the fiercest of the fight.  
The King knew well he had the fostering  
care  
Of that kind fairy—his good genius Nair (c)  
Who gave him when his valour was in vain  
A magic sword which strewed the field with  
slain,  
A targe with talismanic safety fraught,  
A trusty spear by wizard power wrought,  
And as the foe before him would retreat,  
His Guardian gave winged swiftness to his  
feet,  
But if misfortune or defeat befell,  
The Sorceress invoked enchantment's spell,  
Should Danger threaten his life blood to shed.  
A cloud of mist she round her hero spread.  
That onslaught was terrific, blow and shout,  
The wings first wavered and then broke in  
rout,  
Their general killed, the Roman army fled  
O'er weltering ranks of their famed legions  
dead;  
Thus Crimthan lowered the banners long  
unfurled  
O'er half the seas and cities of the world,  
And carried back—victorious from the war,  
A gem-set coat of mail and radiant car,  
Two noble hounds with solid silver chain,  
A spear most richly carved and wrought in  
Spain,  
A table rare with precious stones inlaid  
And martial cloaks with golden fringe and  
braid,  
A catapult of such resistless power  
That threw its darts above the highest tower,  
A wondrous lance, blades of Damascus steel,  
Some still an heir-loom of the great O'Neill,  
Gold hilted swords and silver studded shields.  
The spoils and trophies (d) of the vanquished  
fields.  
Such was the hero of my song of praise,  
Such were the fame and deeds of former  
days,  
Such were our glories when each chief and  
clan  
Swelled the proud phalanx of the famed  
Crimthan.  
But our brave sires to honour always true,  
The weak they pardoned, and the proud  
they slew,  
And may we ever that pure courage know  
Which tempers triumph to a fallen foe.

Years passed o'er Crimthan, yet no trace  
Of furrow dark or vision dim  
Was shown upon his bearded face,  
No sign of life's decay,  
Nor weakness in the massive limb,

(a) A short, sharp battle-axe.  
(b) A knife or dagger.

(c) He was sur-named Niadh-Nair or Nair's hero-  
(d) These are detailed in the Irish annals.



Although his locks were gray. (a)  
 Returning from the chase once more  
 He lay upon a mossy hill  
 And looked o'er sea and rocky shore  
 Indulging lofty schemes,  
 While laughed and sang and rippled still  
 The foam-bell laden streams.  
 Or thought of fair Atlantis isle (b)  
 Far off in tranquil azure seas,  
 Where all things bright and pleasant smile  
 And flowers are fadeless seen,  
 With singing birds and murmuring bees,  
 And leaves are ever green.  
 He wished for spirit wings to fly  
 To it, from Court and cares of state,  
 A glimpse of which some favoured eye  
 Beholds when days are clear,  
 Where courtiers flatter not the great  
 Nor cringe to those they fear.  
 But while engaged in dreams like these,  
 He saw a cloud of awful form (c)  
 Approach from sea above the trees  
 And then the darkness spread,  
 Although there was no thunder-storm  
 Nor lightning flash o'er head.  
 He blew a blast on silver horn,  
 In much amaze then sought his steed  
 Which left the furze for fields of corn,  
 Now hid in lurid gloom;  
 Was it the end of time decreed,  
 The day of final doom?  
 He looked aloft—there was no light,  
 The sun obscured—and yet no gem  
 Was on the dusky brow of Night,  
 No golden stars looped back,  
 Nor crescent pale—nor diadem,  
 Her flowing robes of black.  
 There was Tradition vague and old  
 That Crom (d) or God, a youth divine  
 Would send (so Roman captive told)  
 To save and rule the world,  
 And that from ancient Palestine  
 His flag would be unfurled.  
 And later—that this Holy one,  
 The great Messiah had appeared,  
 To check the worship of the Sun  
 And change all human creeds;  
 By Christians loved, by Gentiles feared—  
 Of wondrous words and deeds.  
 He said—"As these dread signs portend  
 The Jews have put God's son to death,  
 If present, I'd the Prince defend  
 And scatter all his foes,  
 I'd save the Child of Nazareth  
 Or soon avenge his woes.  
 And thus I'd cut the catiffs down,"  
 He drew his golden hilted sword,  
 With fiercest wrath and fearful frown  
 He slashed at shrub and bush,  
 As if he slew the Hebrew horde

(a) History says our Saviour was born in the 7th year of Crimthan's reign.

(b) The belief in those Isles of the West prevailed in Egypt, from whence the Milesians may have brought it.

(c) This is a favorite legend with the people of Leinster.

(d) Crom was the supreme god of the pagan Irish, of whom the sun was a symbol. It comes from an Egyptian word, signifying *five*.

In thistle, reed and rush.  
 To foreign lands as Time's fast circles rolled,  
 They led their troops, those Irish kings of old;  
 A second Crimthan, as our annals show,  
 Sailed o'er the sea to fight the Roman foe  
 And beat the Britons on their native soil,  
 Enforced a tribute and brought back the spoil;  
 These conquests he extended ere his fall,  
 Across the Straits into Armoric Gaul.  
 Next, Niall of the Hostages attacked  
 The Romans, forming with the Picts a pact,  
 Beyond the Wall, then with his allied host  
 Steered for Bretagne and ravaged far its coast,  
 With trophies, treasures, captives of each rank  
 Returned from those fair regions of the Frank,  
 Amongst them blessed Patrick, he who brought  
 From Rome the faith unto our fathers taught  
 The pagan worship in the groves o'erturned  
 And sacred shrines where fire for ages burned,  
 The Druid's altar—and where once it was  
 Erected high the standard of the Cross.  
 Flushed with success invading France once more  
 This monarch from his vessels on its shore  
 Spread fear and havoc with the woes of war,  
 Till slain by Ochy on the banks of Loire.  
 Then in same path of conquest afterward  
 King Dathi (e) followed, bearing fire and sword  
 Through Gaul until, as ancient Psalters tell,  
 By lightning struck at foot of Alps he fell.  
 Would that in those our latter troubled times  
 Of Celtic suffering and of Saxon crimes,  
 Their Sun-burst and their banners green  
 were spread  
 O'er every clan, each by its chieftain led,  
 The royal emblems and O'Neill's Red Hand  
 Combined to root the Stranger from the land;  
 Oh! for their arms in this dark hour of need,  
 When patriot hearts o'er all our losses bleed,  
 Who fight for freedom—what their birth-right gave  
 And for that country die, they cannot save;  
 May those who fall enjoy the martyr's sleep,  
 Beside whose tombs old fond friends will kneel  
 and weep  
 Then may their praise be on each Clansman's tongue,  
 And by our maids in anthems sweet be sung,  
 Who than be traitors, sycophants or slaves  
 Preferred in honour, cold but honest graves.  
 The Minstrel ceased—the vibration  
 of his harp floated softly along the

(e) Crimthan II began his reign A. D. 366—Niall in 378 and Dathi in 405,—he was the last of the pagan monarchs of Ireland.

lofty hall and died away amongst the oaken rafters. The murmurs of the Blackwater which rushed around the rock on which Benburb stood, and the fitful sounds of the moaning winds, harmonized wildly and sweetly with the lingering tones of the half-touched Clarseach.

"I admire the Chivalry of Crimthan, but with invaders I do not sympathize,"—said the Chieftain of Uladh—"unless our later Irish kings attacked the enemy at home—as the Chronicles say—and devastated his country, to prevent the horrors of war being introduced into their own—. May the fate of Niall and of Dathi be that of the Anglo-Normans;—when we halt to-morrow night, sing us the Legend of the Lakes."

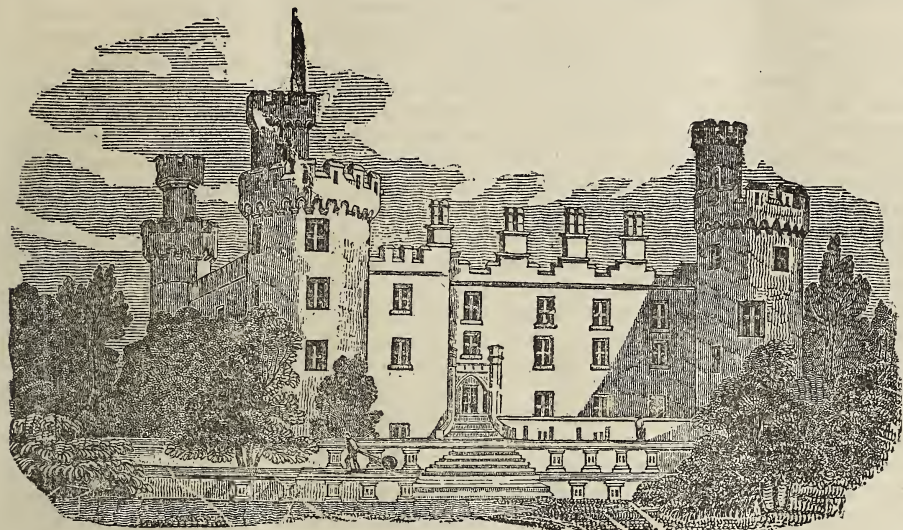
LAGENIAN.

#### MEMORABLE STORMS IN IRELAND.

In 834 A. D., in the neighborhood of Belfast, a "horrible great thunder" was heard, succeeded by a shower of hailstones, "the like of which had never been known for size, and on the partial clearing away of which a huge serpent was seen in the sky." Coming down a hundred years later, in 932, we find that "fire from heaven burnt the mountains of Connaught; the lakes and streams were dried up, and many people were burnt by the fire." Again, in 950, in the midst of a "mighty great hailstorm," a bolt of fire passed through Leinster, killing numbers of men and cattle, and burning most of the houses of Dublin." More disastrous still was the thunderstorm of 1113 in which thirty pilgrims were killed by lightning on Croagh Patrick and the hailstones were as big as crab apples and proved the death of "an infinite number of cattle." In June, 1776, the neighborhood of Tralee and Abbeysfeale were startled and deluged by the most tremendous thunder storm, and at Clonmel "the hailstorms were as large as musket balls." Nine years later, in 1785, Arklow, Coolgraney, and Redcross, County Wicklow, were visited by a thunder storm of "appalling vehem-

ence, accompanied by a prodigious shower of hailstones, which killed a number of lambs, and wounded many persons." Another thunderstorm, also accompanied by hailstones, took place at Corle in the Aug. of 1793, and literally "tore up scores of trees by the roots." In December, 1822 dismay and terror were spread through all parts of Dublin, in which city almost every stack of chimneys was blown down, and scores of inhabitants were killed. Two years later Lloyds reported one hundred vessels lost in the terrible snow-storm of the 11th of October, and in August of the same year the crops and innumerable small birds were destroyed by a storm of hail in the counties of Carlow, Kilkenny and Wexford. But *the* hurricane of this century was that of 1839, when a storm "surpassing in violence, duration and extent of damage anything within the memory of the generation, either before or since, occurred on the night of the Epiphany Sunday, the 6th January, which swept completely across the Island, and did so much damage that it was impossible to estimate it. Belfast and Dublin, especially resembled nothing so much as sacked cities." In 1252 "a prodigious great wind and hailstorm occurred on the night of Epiphany." In 1478 "a great tempest raged on the night of the Epiphany—a night of general destruction." February of 1842 was another tempestuous month, in which Belfast suffered severely, and at Limerick, Cork, Waterford and the western coast of Connemara the "damage done exceeded that of the storm of 1839." Worse still, as regards Belfast, was the hurricane of January 5th and 6th, 1845, and again on August 8th, 1846, when many people were killed in a storm that raged around Westport and Athlone. On April 8th, 1850, Dublin was "visited by one of the most terrible hailstorms ever remembered, attended with great thunder and lightning. The hailstones were each an inch in diameter, and the storm was a true whirlwind." Since then there have been several violent hailstorms and hurricanes, but they are of too recent date to require mention.





KILKENNY CASTLE.

THERE is perhaps no Baronial residence in Ireland that can boast at the same time of a foundation so ancient, a situation so magnificent, and so many historical associations, as the princely residence of "The chief Butler of Ireland"—Kilkenny Castle. It appears to have been originally erected by Richard de Clare (Strongbow) as early as 1172, but this structure having been destroyed by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, it was rebuilt in 1195, by William Lord Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, in the possession of whose descendants it remained till the year 1391, when it was purchased by James Butler, the third Earl of Ormond, from Thomas le Spencer, lord of Glamorgan and Kilkenny, whose grandfather, Hugh, acquired it and the earldom of Gloucester in marriage with Eleanor de Clare, third sister and co-heir of Gilbert, ninth earl of Clare and Gloucester. From this period to the present it has been the chief residence of the illustrious House of Ormond; and we trust shall long continue so. Here in 1399, the earl had the honor of receiving King Richard II. and of entertaining that sovereign for fourteen days. In March 1650, when the city was invested by Oliver Cromwell, and its defence entrusted to Sir Walter Butler, the cannon of the former were opened on the castle, and a breach was effected on the 25th, about mid-day, but the besiegers were

twice gallantly repulsed, and the breach was quickly repaired. On this occasion, it is said that Cromwell apprehending a longer resistance than suited the expedition necessary in his military operations at the time, was on the point of quitting the place, when he received overtures from the mayor and townsmen, offering to admit him into the city. He accordingly took possession of Irishtown, and being soon after joined by Ireton with 1500 fresh men, "Sir Walter Butler, considering the weakness of the garrison, few in number, and those worn out for want of rest by continued watching, and hopeless of relief, determined to execute Lord Castlehaven's orders, which were that if they were not relieved by seven o'clock the day before, he should not, for any punctillo of honour, expose the townsmen to be massacred, but make as good conditions as he could by a timely surrender. A parley was beaten, and a cessation agreed on at twelve o'clock the next day, when the town and castle were delivered up." The articles of capitulation were highly creditable to the garrison, and it is recorded, that Sir Walter Butler and his officers, when they marched out, were complimented by Cromwell, who said, "that they were gallant fellows; that he had lost more men in storming that place than he had in taking Drogheda, and that he should have gone without it,

had it not been for the treachery of the townsmen!"

Of the original castle, as rebuilt by the earl of Pembroke, but little now remains. It was an oblong square of magnificent proportions, with four lofty round towers at its angles. The castle was re-edified by the first Duke of Ormond towards the close of the seventeenth century, in the bad style of architecture then prevailing on the Continent, a taste for which had probably been imbibed by the Duke in his repeated visits to France. It retained, however, three of the ancient towers, but changed in character and disfigured by fantastic decorations to make them harmonize in style with the newer portions of the building.

Nothing, as we have already observed, can be finer than the situation of Kilkenny Castle—placed on a lofty eminence immediately overhanging that charming river—

—"The stubborn Newre, whose waters grey  
By fair Kilkenny and Rose-ponte board."

—*Dublin Penny Journal.*

## A LEGEND OF THE EARL OF TYRONE.

(*Concluded.*)

IN most mansions belonging to families of rank and importance, a room was contrived for purposes of special concealment, where persons or property could be stowed in case of danger. A heavy stack of chimneys was then enlarged so as to admit of a small apartment, inconvenient enough in other respects, yet well adapted as a temporary hiding place.

Hither, through secluded passages, the careful Constance conducted her guest, who had so strangely thrown himself, with unhesitating confidence, upon her generosity and protection. The proud representative of a kingly race was rescued by a woman from ignominy and death. Some feeling of this nature probably overpowered him. As he bade her good night, his voice faltered, and he passed his hand suddenly athwart his brow. Constance, having fulfilled

this sacred duty, shrank from further intercourse, and hastened to her chamber. Portentous dreams brooded over her slumbers. The terrible vision was repeated, and she awoke, but not to her wonted cheerfulness.

How strange, how mysterious, the mechanism of the human heart! Feelings that glide insensibly into each other, changing their hue and character imperceptibly, as colors on the evening cloud. Protection awakens kindness, kindness pity, and pity love. Love more dangerous, too, the process being unperceived, insidiously disguised under other names, and under the finest sympathies and affections of our nature.

With a step, light and noiseless as that of her favourite spaniel who crept behind her, did Constance make an early visit to ascertain the safety of her prisoner. His retreat was unmolested. The pursuit was for the present evaded, and his enemies thrown out in their track. It was needful, however, that he should remain for a few days in his present concealment, prior to the attempt by which he purposed to regain his native country.

Constance loved the moonlight. The broad glare of day is so garish and extravagant. Besides there is a restlessness and a buzz no human being, at least no sensible human being, can endure. Everything is on the stir. Every creature, however paltry and insignificant, whether moth, mote, or atom, seems busy. Whereas, one serene soft gaze of the moon appears to allay Nature's universal disquiet. The calm and mellow placidity of her look, so heavenly and undisturbed, lulls the soul, and subdues its operations to her influence.

Constance, we may suppose accidentally, wandered by the end of the building, when, in the hugh buttress of chimneys, a narrow crevice admitted light into the chamber occupied by the fugitive. At times, perhaps unconsciously, her eye wandered from the moon to this dreary abode, where it lingered longest is more than we dare tell. She drew nigh to the dark margin of the pond. The white swans were sleeping in the sedge. At her approach they fluttered clumsily to their element; there, the symbols of elegance and



grace, like wreaths of sea-foam on its surface, they glided on, apparently without an impulse or an effort. She was gazing on them, when a rustle among the willows on her left, arrested her attention. Soon the mysterious and almost omnipresent form of Tyrone stood before her.

"I must away, maiden!—Constance!" His voice was mournful as the least faint sound of the evening bell upon the waters.

"Why art thou here?" She said this in a tone of mingled anxiety and surprise.

"Here? Too long have I lingered in these woods, and around thy dwelling, Constance. But I must begone—for ever!"

"For ever?" cried the perplexed girl, forgetful of all but the dread thought of that for ever!

"Ay, for ever! Why should I stay?"

This question, alas! she could not answer, but stood gazing on the dark water, and on the silver waves which the bright swans had rippled over the pool. Though she saw them not, yet the scene mingled itself insensibly with feelings then swelling in her bosom; and these recurrent circumstances, in subsequent periods of her existence, never failed to bring the same dark tide of thought over the soul with vivid and agonizing distinctness.

"Maiden, beware!"

Constance turned towards him. The moonlight fell on his brow, where dark curls swept nobly out from their broad shadows. He fixed his eyes on her with an eagerness and an anguish in their expression the most absorbing and intense.

"I have loved thee; ay, if it be love to live whole nights on the memory of a glance,—on a smile,—on the indelible impress of thy form; Here,—here! But no living thing that I have loved; no being that e'er viewed me with kindness and favor, that has not been marked out for destruction. Oh, that those eyes had ne'er looked upon me! Thou wert happy, and I have lingered on thy footstep till I have dragged thee to the same gulf where all hope—all joy that e'er stole in upon my dark path, must perish."

"Oh! do not fortaste thy misery

thus," cried Constance. "The cruel sufferings thou hast undergone make thee apprehensive of evil. But how can thy fate control my destiny?"

"How, I know not," said Tyrone, "save that it shall bring the same clouds, in unmitigated darkness, about thy path. Dost thou love me? Nay, start not—stay not?" cried he, making way for the maiden to pass. But Constance was unable to move.

"Perchance thou knowest it not; but thou wouldst love me as woman loves; ay, beyond the verge and extremity of hope! Even now the poison rankles in thy bosom. Hark!—'tis the doom yon glorious intelligences denounced from that glittering vault when they proclaimed my birth!"

He repeated the prediction as aforetime, with a deep, solemn intonation, in the maiden's blood seemed to curdle while she listened. A pause of bewildering and mysterious terror followed,—one brief minute in the lapse of time, but an age in the records of thought! Constance sought to avert her glance.

"Thou art an exile, and misfortune prompted me to thy succor. Thou hast won my pity, stranger."

"Beshrew me, 'tis a wary and subtle deceiver, this same casuist, love. Believe him not!" said he, in a burst of agony that made Constance tremble. He would lead thee veiled to the very brink of the precipice, then snatch the shelter from thine eyes, and bid thee leap! Nay, 'tis not pride,—'tis the doom, the curse of my birthright that is upon me. Maiden! I will but strike to thine heart, and then—poor soul!" He shuddered; his voice grew tremulous and convulsed. "The stricken one shall fall. Hark! The hounds are again upon my track!"

The well-practised ear of the hunted fugitive could discern the approach of footsteps long before they were audible to an ordinary listener: his eye and ear seemed on the stretch; his head bent forward in the same direction; he breathed not. Even Constance appeared to suspend the current of her own thoughts at this interruption.

"They are approaching. In all likelihood 'tis a posse from the sheriff." Again he listened. "They are armed. Nay, then, Tyrone, thou must to cover;

thou canst not flee. Point not to the hiding-place I have left. If, as I suspect, they bring a warrant of search, thy father's life may be in jeopardy."

"Where,— oh, where?" said Constance, forgetful of all consequences, in anxiety for her father's and that of the illustrious stranger.

"In thy chamber, lady."

She drew back in dismay.

"Nay," continued he, guessing at the cause of her alarm, "they will not care to scrutinize there with much exactness; and, by the faith of my fathers, I will not wrong thee!"

There was a frankness, an open and undisguised freedom of manner in this address, which assured her. Confidence returned, and she committed herself promptly to the issue. She felt her soul expand with the desire of contributing to his ultimate escape. All the ardor of her nature was concentrated in this generous and self-devoted feeling. Too innocent for suspicion, she seemed to rise above its influence.

Silently, and with due caution, she led the unfortunate earl to her own chamber, where, in a recess, opening through the bed's head into the arras, he seemed secure from discovery.

Scarcely was this arrangement completed ere a thundering knock announced the visitor. It was an officer of justice, attended by some half dozen followers, who watched every avenue to the house whilst his message was delivered within.

This official delivered into the hands of Holt a warrant for the apprehension of O'Neale, Earl of Tyrone, a traitor, then suspected of being harbored in the mansion of Grislehurst, and whom the occupier was commanded on pain of being treated as an accomplice, to deliver into the hands of justice, for the due administering of those pains and penalties attached to his crime.

The loyal owner, fired with indignation at this foul charge, treated the accusation with contempt.

"However loth," said the messenger, "I must execute mine office; and, seeing this first mission hath failed in its purpose, I have here a warrant of search. Our commands are imperative."

"I tell thee I have no plotters lurk-

ing here. Search, and welcome; but if thou findest aught in this house that smells of treason, the queen may blot out my escutcheon. I'll dismount the *phœon*. The arrow-head shall return to its quiver. 'Twas honestly won, and, by *our lady's grace*, it shall be honestly worn!"

"We must obey," said the officer: "it shall be done with all courtesy and dispatch."

Holt bit his lips with rage and vexation. From the suspicion of harboring and aiding the traitor Tyrone, his known loyalty and good faith should have protected him. He hoped, however, to throw back on the author of this foul slander the disgrace attached to it. Smothering his wrath, and brooding over its gratification, he accompanied the messenger, who, placing an additional guard at the main entrance, proceeded with a wary eye to the search. He carefully scrutinized the shape of the rooms, striking the walls and wainscots, measuring the capacity of the chambers, that no space might be left unaccounted for, either in one way or another. The concealed apartment in the chimney-range did not escape his examination. Closets, cupboards, folding-doors, even the family pictures, were turned aside, lest some stratagem should lurk behind.

Holt, with a look of malicious satisfaction, beheld every fresh disappointment, which he followed with undisguised expressions of ill-will.

"Now for the women's apartments," said the officer.

"I have but one daughter; do'st fancy treason may be stitched in her petticoats? Thinkest thou she would hide this invisible gallant in her bed-chamber? 'Sdeath, that it should have come to this! But I'll have my revenge."

"I would fain spare thee from this contumely; but——"

"But what?"

"I must search the house through; and though I doubt not now that our information is false, yet I may not disobey the mandate I have received."

"Is this thy courtesy?"

"My courtesy must yet consist with the true and honest discharge of mine office; I wait not further parley."



A short gallery communicated from the stairhead to the private chamber of Constance. They met her outside the door, and the timid girl grew pale as she beheld the official led on by her father.

"Constance," cried he, "thy chamber smacks of treason; it must be purged from this suspicion. This mousing owl will search the crannies even of a woman's wits ere he sate his appetite for discovery. Hast aught plotting in the hem of thy purfle, or in thy holiday ruff and fardingale? Come with us wench; the gallant Earl of Tyrone would sport himself bravely in thy bedchamber, pretty innocenet!"

"If my gallantry were akin to mine office, then, lady, would I spare thy bosom and mine own nature this extremity. Believe me, thou shalt suffer no rudeness at my hands."

The officer bowed low, observing her confusion and distress.

"Go with us," said her father, "and leave not until our search is over. Mayhap he may find a lover in thy shoe, or in the wrinkles of thy rose-tie." He entered the chamber as he said this. It was a little room, tricked out with great elegance and beauty. Indian cabinets were there, and other costly ornaments, inlaid with ivory and pearl, in the arrangement of which, and of the other furniture, considerable taste was displayed. A lute lay in one corner; tambour-work and embroidery occupied a recess near the window; the clothes' presses shewed their contents neatly folded, and carefully set out to the best advantage.

"I'faith, wench, thy chamber seems well fitted for so good a brace of guests—not a thread awry. Everything in trim order for thy gallants, mayhap. Thou hast not been at thy studies of late: I have seen its interior in somewhat less orderly fashion. I marvel if it might not be pranked out for our coming. Now, to work, Sir, where does thy grubbing begin?"

Constance posted herself in a gloomy corner, where she could watch their proceedings almost unperceived. She hoped that in her chamber the search would not be so strict as in situations of more likelihood and probability for concealment. At any rate, the common

feelings of delicacy and respect—not quite extinct, she observed, even in this purveyor of justice—would prevent any very exact and dangerous scrutiny. Nor was she deceived. He merely felt round the walls, opened the presses and closets, but did not disturb the bed-furniture. He was retiring, when her father scornfully taunted him with the ill success of his mission.

"I wonder thou hast not tumbled the bed topsy-turvy. I am glad to see thou hast yet some grace and manners in thy vocation. Now, Sir Messenger, to requite thee for this thy country and forbearance, I will shew thee a secret tabernacle, which all thy prying has not been able to discover."

Saying this, he approached the bed: a spring was concealed in one of the posts communicating with the secret door behind which, Tyrone was hidden. As he turned aside the drapery to ascertain precisely its situation, Constance no longer able to control her apprehension of discovery, rushed before him. Terror, for the time, threw her completely off her guard.

"Do not, my father! he must not look there. For my sake, oh, spare this—"

She was silent: her lips grew deadly pale; and she leaned against the pillar for support. The officer's suspicions were awakened, and he gave a shrewd guess at the truth.

"Now, fair dame," he cried, "'tis but an ungracious office to thwart a lady's will, but I must see what lurks in that same secret recess. Master Holt, I pry thee help me to a peep behind the curtain."

But Holt was too much astonished to comply. What could exist there to excite his daughter's apprehensions puzzled him greatly. He had not a thought the most remote, that could affect her fidelity; yet he hesitated. The officer, in a more peremptory tone, demanded admission. Rousing from his stupor, and mortified at the folly of these girl-ish fancies, he struck the spring: in a trice, a portion of the bed's head flew open, displaying a dark chasm beyond. Swift as thought, the officer darted through the aperture; but the door was immediately shut, and with great violence. A scuffle was heard within,

but not a word spoken. Holt, in doubt and consternation, gazed with a wild and terrific aspect on the devoted Constance, who, covering her face, sought to avoid seeing the expected result of her imprudence.

Her father now listened. There was a dread suspense in his look, more fearful than even the most violent outburst of his wrath. He seemed every moment to expect irrefragable proof—visible and overwhelming conviction of his daughter's infamy. The door was still closed. Groans were still audible, telling of some terrible strife within. Suddenly these indications ceased. Holt shuddered; he fancied the foul act was perpetrated—perhaps even now consummated—under his own roof; and swift vengeance would be required at his hands. Constance, too, appeared to apprehend the commission of some deadly crime, as she threw herself imploringly before her father.

"Save them! oh, save them!—their strife is mortal!" He shook her from him with abhorrence, and she fell heavily on the floor. He was preparing to enter, when the door flew open, and a form rushed through, in the apparel of the officer. He leaped on the floor, and, ere Holt could utter a word, was heard descending the stairs with great precipitation.

"Whom hast thou concealed in thy bedchamber?" inquired the almost frantic father. Constance sat on the ground, her head resting on her chair beside which she had fallen. She wept not, but her heart was full, even to bursting.

"What is the name of thy paramour? Thou hast been somewhat eager, methinks, to accomplish thine own and a father's disgrace!"

This cutting address roused her. She replied, but in a firm tone—

"A stranger—an exile! Misfortune appeals not to a woman's heart unalleviated. He threw himself on my protection; and where the feelings own no taint, their purity is not sullied—even in a lady's bedchamber!"

A glance of insulted pride passed across her features. It was but for a moment. The agony of her spirit soon drank up the slender rill that had gushed forth; and she stood, withering and

drooping, before the angry frown of her father.

"Surely, 'tis not the rebel Tyrone that my daughter harbors in the privacy of her chamber? Speak! Nay, then, hast thou indeed brought an old man's grey hairs to the grave in sorrow! Treason! oh, that I have lived for this! and my own flesh and blood hath done it! Out of my sight, unnatural monster! Dare not to crawl again across my path, lest I kill thee!"

"Oh, my father, I am indeed innocent!" She again threw herself at his feet, but he spurned her from him as though he loathed her beyond endurance. Boiling, and maddened with rage at the presumption of this daring rebel, Holt, forgetful of his own danger, seized the light. He burst open the secret door; but what was his astonishment on beholding, not the form of Tyrone, but the officer of justice himself, gagged, pinioned, and deprived of his outer dress. The cap and mantle of Tyrone, by his side, told too plainly of the daring and dangerous exploit by which his escape had been effected.

The outlaw, soon after his enlargement, finding that the cause he had espoused was hopeless, and that matters were at the last extremity in his own fate and that of his unhappy country,—fearful, too, of drawing the innocent Constance and her father into the deep vortex of his own ruin,—made all haste to the capital, where, through the powerful interest excited in his behalf, aided by his well-known valor, and the influence he was known to possess amongst his countrymen, he received a free pardon from the Queen.

Yet his thoughts lingered on the remembrance of her to whose heroic and confiding spirit he owed his safety. Never had his proud bosom been so enthralled. Though nurtured in camps, amid the dim of arms and the shout of battle, yet his knowledge of the female heart was almost intuitive. He had loved more than once, but in every case the attachment ended unhappily, terminating either by the death of the object, or by some calamity his own evil fate had unavoidably brought upon its victim. Though fearful the same operation of his destiny would ensue, and that misery and misfortune would still



follow the current of his affections, yet he resolved to behold once more the maiden he loved with an ardor almost surpassing his own belief.

One cold, dull morning, towards the wane of the year, when the heavy drops lay long on the lank herbage, no sun-beam yet loitering through the damp, chill atmosphere, but the sky one wide and unvarying expanse—a sea of cloud; here and there a black scud passing over, like a dim bark sweeping across the bosom of that “waveless deep,” a stranger stood by a low wicket near the mansion of Grislehurst. He looked wistfully at the gloomy windows, unlighted by a single reflection from without, like the rayless night of his own soul: they were mostly closed. A mysterious and unusual stillness prevailed. The brown leaves fluttered about, unswept from the dreary avenues; decayed branches obstructed the paths; and every object wore a look of wretchedness and dilapidation. The only sign of occupancy and life was one grey wreath of smoke, curling heavily from its vent, as if oppressed with the surrounding gloom. The melancholy note of the redbreast was the only living sound, as the bird came hopping towards him with its usual air of familiarity and respect. Enveloped in a military cloak, and in his cap a dark feather drooping gently over his proud features, the stranger slowly approached the house; a side-door stood partly open; he entered; a narrow passage led into the hall. No embers brightened the huge chimney; the tables showed no relics of the feast—no tokens of the past night’s revel. The deer’s antlers still hung over the master’s place at the board, but the oaken chair was gone. Dust and desertion had played strange antics in these “high places.” The busy spider had wreathed her dingy festoons in mockery over the pomp she degraded. He listened, but there was no sound save the last faint echo of his footstep. Turning towards the staircase, a beautiful spaniel, a sort of privileged favourite of Constance, came, with a deep growl, as if to warn away the intruder. But the sagacious animal suddenly fawned upon him, and with a low whine ascended the stairs, looking

back wistfully, as though inviting him to follow.

Scarcely knowing why, or bestowing one thought on the nature of this intrusion, he ascended. The place seemed familiar to him. He entered a narrow gallery, where he paused, overcome by some powerful emotion. The dog stood too, looking back with a low and sorrowful whine. With a sudden effort, he grappled with and shook off the dark spirit that overwhelmed him. A low murmur was heard, apparently from a chamber at no great distance. Without reflecting a moment on the impropriety of his situation, he hastily approached the door; his guide, with a look of almost irresistible persuasion, implored him to enter.

It was the chamber of Constance. A female was kneeling by the bed, too much absorbed to be conscious of his approach; she was in the attitude of prayer. He recognized the old nurse; her eye glistening in the fervor of devotion whilst pouring forth to her God, in secret the agony of soul words are too feeble to express.

Bending over the bed, as if for the support of some frail victim of disease, he beheld the lord of the mansion. His look was wild and haggard; no moisture floated over his eyeballs; they were glazed and motionless; arid as the hot desert, no refreshing rain dropped from their burning orbs, dimmed with the shadows of despair.

Stretched on the bed, her pale cheek resting on the bosom of her father, lay the yet beautiful form of Constance Holt. A hectic flush at times passed across her features. Her lip, shrunk and parched with the fever that consumed her, was moistened by an attendant with unremitting and unwearied assiduity. Her eye often rose in tenderness to her parent, as if anxious to impart to him the consolation she enjoyed.

“Oh, I am happy, my father!” Here a sudden change was visible; some cord of sorrow was touched, and it vibrated to her soul.

Her father spoke not.

“I have loved! Oh, faithfully. But now—let me die without a murmur to Thee, or one wish but Thy will, and I am happy!” Her soft and streaming eyes were raised towards the throne of

that mercy she addressed. The cloud passed, but she sunk back on her pillow exhausted with the conflict. The unhappy father bent still nearer, anticipating the last struggle. Suddenly he exclaimed, as if to call back the yet lingering spirit.

"Live, my Constance! Could I save thee, thou blighted bud,—blighted by my——" His lips grew pale; he struck his forehead, and a groan, like the last expiring throes of nature, escaped him.

"Would the destroyer of my peace were here! 'Tis too late, or I would not now forbid thy love. But he was a traitor, a rebel else——"

Constance gradually revived from her insensibility. On a sudden, the spirit rekindled—a new and vehement energy, contrasting strangely with her weak and debilitated frame.

"I have seen him!" she cried. "Oh, methought his form passed before me;—but it is gone!" She looked eagerly around the apartment; other eyes involuntarily followed; but no living object could be distinguished through the chill and oppressive gloom which brooded over that chamber of death.

"It was a vision—a shadowy messenger from the tomb. Yet, one more if I might see him—ere I die." A deep sob, succeeded by a rapid gush of tears, relieved her; but it told of the powerful and all-pervading passion not yet extinguished in her breast.

"We shall meet!" Again she raised her eyes towards that throne to which the sigh of the sufferer never ascended in vain.

"Yes, my own, my loved Constance, now!" cried the stranger, rushing from his concealment. He clasped her in his arms. A gleam, like sun-light across the wave, shot athwart the shadow that was gathering on her eye. It was the forerunner of a change. The anxious father forbore to speak, but he looked on his daughter with an agony that seemed to threaten either reason or existence. Constance gazed on her lover, but her eyes became gradually more dim; her hand relaxed in his grasp; yet her features wore a look of serenity and happiness.

"Oh, most merciful father! thou hast heard my prayer, through Him whose merits have found me a place in that

glory to which I hope to come. Be merciful to him whose love is as true as mine own, and faithful unto death. Tyrone, we meet again! Oh, how have I prayed for thee!" Her eyes seemed to brighten even in this world with the glories of another.

"Farewell!" I hear the hymns of yon ransomed ones around the throne; they beckon my spirit from these dark places of sorrow. Now—farewell!"

She cast one look towards her lover; it was the last glimpse of earth; the next moment her gaze was on the brightness of that world where sorrow and sighing flee away. So sudden the transition, that the first smile of the disembodied spirit seemed to linger on the abode she had left, like the evening cloud, reflecting the glories of another sky, ere it fades for ever into the darkness and solitude of night.

#### A CHRISTIAN LEGEND.

IF we are to believe the Acts of the holy martyr Alexander put to death for the Faith in the year of grace 119, Hermes a man holding a high station in the Imperial administration (some make him Prefect of Rome, which is not probable) was converted to Christianity, not by the learned discourses of priest or doctor, but by the touching example of an old blind slave, who was nurse to his son. This son just approaching boyhood had languished for years in a decline. In vain had Hermes and his wife wearied the gods with prayers and sacrifices; the child died. "Why did you not carry him to the tomb of the most blessed Peter?" asked the Christian nurse of her pagan master; "he would be living now. "You are blind," answered Hermes; "why have not you been cured, if you think thus?" "If I believed with a sufficiently strong faith," said the slave, "I should be cured." Then summoning all her faith, she set out to find the bishop of Rome, the saintly Alexander. Telling him her trouble Alexander prayed for her, and immediately her eyes, for five years dark, recovered the light. Thereupon running to her master's house, she took up in her arms the cold dead body of her master's child, and returning to



Alexander placed it at his feet. "May I become again blind, but let this child return to life." Alexander betook himself to prayer, and in a short time hastened to the house of Hermes holding by the hand the resuscitated child. Hermes became a convert to the faith and received baptism at the hands of the bishop of Rome.

Is this story so beautiful, and so touching, *true*? I know not; neither does it matter. It was told in those days, and if it be not *historically* true, it yet must have had that "vraisemblance," which made its author feel, that it would not be rejected as improbable. It thus becomes a stronger testimony than if it were *historically* true.

H. B.

## A CHAPTER FROM THE PENAL DAYS.

THE REV. M. COMERFORD, P. P., of Monasterevan, read an interesting paper recently before the Ossory Archæological Society. It dealt with a proceeding against, "Popish recusants" in the County Kildare in 1658. In those delightful days one might enjoy comfort in anything but the profession of the Catholic religion, and the obstinate people who declined to surrender the faith of their fathers at the bidding of ferocious laws had a pretty warm time of it. The marvel is that the Church survived at all. A special session was held at Naas in 1658, by "trusty and well beloved" administrators of the penal code, and thereto summoned about one hundred and fifty gentlemen and yeomen, reported to be "Popish recusants." They were expected to come forward and take the Oath of Abjuration, and that strange oath ran as follows:

"I. A. B., abhor, detest and abjure the authority of the Pope, as well in regard of the Church in general, as in regard of myself in particular. I condemn and anathematize the tenet that any reward is due to good works. I firmly believe and avow that no reverence is due to the Virgin Mary, or to any other saint in heaven; and that no petition or adoration can be addressed to them without idolatry. I assert that no worship or reverence is due to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper or to the elements of bread and wine after consecration, by whomsoever that con-

secration may be made. I believe there is no Purgatory, but that it is a Popish invention; as is also the tenet that the Pope can grant indulgencies. I also firmly believe that neither the Pope, nor any other priest, can remit sins, as the Papists rave. All this I swear, etc."

We must say it was tolerably comprehensive, as a Cromwellian provision would naturally be. It left no room for equivocation. The men who subscribed to it might safely be enlarged as loyal subjects, and given any little peckings falling into the authorities from confiscation. But the gentlemen and yeomen who were cited at Naas on the memorable 18th of January, 1658, did not put in an appearance. We do not suppose it was the cold weather that kept them away. As conscientious "Popish recusants" they could not swallow so nauseous and disgusting a dose as the Oath of Abjuration. Of course they would be declared contumacious and in outlawry, and the hand of every "undertaker" would be raised against them. But principle stood somewhat higher with them than pelf. They valued their religion above their national interests. It was possible to beggar them, but not to metamorphose them into Puritans. So that although they lost their worldly possessions and fell down low in the social scale, they retained and transmitted the treasure which endures forever and is beyond all price.

## POP. THE YOUNG FOLKS.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE FIRM RULES OF METEOROLOGY.

THE air which is continually rising in the hot zones and circulating towards the poles and back again to the equator, is the prime source of the wind. This latter modifies the temperature of the atmosphere; for the cold air from the poles of the earth, in coming to the equator, cools the torrid zone; again, the hot air going from there to the poles heats the colder regions. This accounts for the fact that very often it is not so cold in cold countries as it

really would be, were it not for the circulation of the air; and that in hot countries we never find the degree of heat that there would be if the air were continually at rest.

According to what has been said, however, but two different winds would exist on the earth, and these two moving in fixed directions; one sweeping over the earth from the poles to the equator, with us called "North wind," and one from the equator to the icy regions, with us the "South wind."

But we must add here something which considerably modifies this, viz., the revolution of the globe. The earth, it is well known, revolves round its axis from west to east once in twenty-four hours; the atmosphere performs this revolution also.

But since that part of the atmosphere nearest to the equator must move with greater velocity than the part nearer the poles, it may with a little thinking be easily understood, that the air which goes on the surface of the earth from the poles to the equator, passes over-ground which moves faster east than the air itself; while, on the contrary, the air coming from the hot zone starts in an eastern direction with the velocity it had at the equator; but, as it is moving on, it passes over that part of the earth which rotates with less velocity.

This gives rise to what are called *trade-winds*, so very important to navigation. In our hemisphere the trade-winds come in the lower strata of the air from the north-east, they come from the south-west. On the other hemisphere the trade-winds in the lower strata of the air move in a northwesterly direction; in the upper they move in a southeasterly direction.

From this arises our rules respecting the weather.

The idea that many persons have that wind and weather are two things entirely different, is wrong. Weather is nothing else but a condition of the atmosphere. A cold winter, cold spring, cold summer, and cold autumn, do not mean, as some believe, that the earth, or that part of it on which they live, is colder than usual; for if we dig a hole in the ground, it will be found that neither cold nor warm weather has any influence upon the temperature below

the surface of the earth. At the small depth of thirty inches below the surface, no difference can be found between the heat of the day and the cold of the night. In a well sixty feet deep no difference is perceivable between the hottest summer and the coldest winter-day, for below the surface of the earth differences of temperature do not exist. What we call "Weather" is but a state of the atmosphere, and depends solely upon the wind.

It has been stated already that there are fixed rules of weather, or, which is the same thing, that there are laws governing the motion of the winds; but we have added also, that there are a great many causes which disturb these rules, and therefore make any circulations in advance a sheer impossibility.

We have seen that these rules are called forth, 1st, by the course of the sun; 2nd, by the circulation of the air from the poles to the equator and back again; and 3rd, by the revolution of the earth, causing the trade-winds.

All these various items have been calculated correctly; and, owing to this, we have now a fine basis in Meteorology. But in the next article, we shall see what obstacles are put in the way of this new science by other things; and the allowances to be made for these disturbances cannot be easily computed.

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#### THE EARTH'S JOURNEY ROUND THE SUN.

One, two, three, four, five! Does the reader know that while he has been counting these five beats, five seconds, he has actually been conveyed through space a distance of more than a hundred miles? Yet so it is. However incredible it may seem, no fact is more certain than the earth is constantly on the wing, flying around the sun with a velocity so prodigious, that for every breath we draw we advance on our way forty or fifty miles. If, when passing across the waters in a steamboat, we can wake, after a night's repose, and find ourselves conducted on our voyage a hundred miles, we exult in the triumphs of art, which has moved so ponderous a body as a steamship over such a space in so short a time, and so quietly, too, as not to disturb our slumbers; but,



with a motion vastly more quiet and uniform, we have, in the same interval, been carried along with the earth in its orbit more than half a million of miles. In the case of the steamship, however perfect the machinery may be, we still, in our waking hours at least, are made sensible of the action of the forces by which the motion is maintained,—as the roaring of the fire, the beating of the piston, and the dashing of the paddle-wheels; but in the more perfect machinery which carries the earth forward on its grander voyage, no sound is heard, nor the least intimation afforded of the stupendous forces by which this motion is achieved.

The distance of the sun from the earth is about ninety-five millions of miles. No human mind can comprehend fully what this vast distant means. But we may form some conception of it by such an illustration as this: A ship may leave Liverpool and cross the Atlantic to New York after twenty days' steady sail; but it would take that ship, moving constantly at the rate of ten miles an hour, more than a thousand years to reach the sun.

And yet, at this vast distance, the sun, by the power of attraction, serves as the great regulator of the planetary motions, bending them continually from the straight line in which they tend to move, and compelling them to circulate round him, each at nearly a uniform distance, and all in perfect harmony. We shall afterwards explain the manner in which the *gravity* of the sun acts in controlling the planetary motions. For the present, let us content ourselves with reflecting upon the wonderful force which the sun must put forth to bend out of their courses into circular orbits such a number of planets some of them more than a thousand times larger than the earth. Were a ship of war under full sail, we can easily imagine what a force it would require to turn her from her course by a rope attached to her bow—especially were it required that the force should remain stationary, and the ship be so held as to be made to go round the force as round a centre.

Somewhat similar to this, but on a much grander scale, is the action which is exerted on the earth in its journey

round the sun. By an invincible influence, which we call *gravitation*, the sun turns all the planets out of their course, and bends them into a circular orbit round himself, though they are all many millions of times more ponderous than the ship, and are moving many thousand times more swiftly.

PROFESSOR OLMSTEAD.

QUESTIONS ON IRISH LITERATURE.

1. Who was Henry Brooke? Where was he born, and what age did he die?
2. Which is his best known work? What compliment did the Rev. Charles Kingsley pay this work?
3. Which of Brooke's plays did the government refuse to licence, and why?
4. Who was Sir Phillip Francis? What work has immortalized his name?
5. With what celebrated character did he once cross swords in India?
6. Name the Irish dramatists of repute, contemporary with Brooke, Francis, &c.
7. Who wrote the Comedy of "False Delicacy," and what was its object?

NEVER GO BACK.—What you attempt do with all your strength. Determination is omnipotent. If the prospect be somewhat darkened, put the fire of resolution to your soul, and kindle a flame that nothing but death can extinguish.

WOMEN'S BURDENS.—Women are burdened with fealty, faith, reverence more than they know what to do with they stand like a hedge of sweet peas throwing out fluttering tendrils everywhere for something high and strong to climb up by, and when they find it, be it ever so rough in the bark, they catch upon it. And instances are not wanting of those who have turned away from the flattery of admirers to prostrate themselves at the feet of a genuine hero, who never wooed them except by heroic deeds and the rhetoric of a noble life.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

R. ANDERSON, Montreal:—The abbey estates granted to the Russell and Wriothlesly families are as follow :—

Their present annual value.

	£.	s.	D.
<i>Meehelburn</i> , belonging to the Knights Hospitallers. County of Bedford, granted under Edward VI. to the Earl of Bedford,.....	4,829	16	8
<i>Woburn</i> , a Cistercian Abbey, County of Bedford, granted by Edward VI, to John, Lord Russell.....	8,613	19	2
<i>Bittlesden</i> , a Cistercian Abbey, County of Bucks, granted by Henry VIII, to Thomas Wriothlesly.....	2,842	5	0
<i>Thorney</i> , a Benedictine Abbey, County Cambridge, granted by Edward VI, to the Earl of Bedford,.....	10,172	8	4
<i>Lanachebran</i> , a Cistercian Abbey, County Cornwall, granted by Bess, to Francis, Earl of Bedford..	<i>unknown.</i>		
<i>Tavistock</i> , a Benedictine Abbey, County Devon, granted by Henry VIII, to John, Lord Russell,.....	18,045	12	6
<i>Dunkeswell</i> , a Cistercian Abbey, County Hants, granted by Henry VIII, to John, Lord Russell.....	5,971	16	8
<i>Beaulieu</i> , a Cistercian Abbey, County Hants, granted by Henry VIII, to Thos. Wriothlesly,.....	8,576	4	2
<i>Tichfield</i> , a Premonstratensian Abbey, County Hants, granted by Henry VIII, to Sir Thos. Wriothlesly,.....	5,619	19	2
<i>St. Elizabeth College</i> , at Winchester, County Hants, granted by Henry VIII, to Thos. Lord Wriothlesly,.....	2,257	6	8
<i>Hagh</i> , a Priory, County Lincoln, granted by Henry VIII, to John, Lord Russell,.....	<i>unknown.</i>		
<i>Castle Hymel</i> , an Augustine Priory, County Northampton, granted by Henry VIII, to John, Lord Russell,.....	1,256	0	0
<i>The Shaftesbury Estate</i> , a Benedictine Nunnery, County Dorset, granted by Edward VI, to Wm. Wriothlesly, Earl of Southampton,.....	26,581	6	0

Comment is unnecessary.

J. B. MONTREAL;—respectfully solicits insertion for, and solutions to the following problems :—

1. What number is that, which being doubled and 16 added to the product, the sum shall be 188?

Let  $x$  represent the required number ; then  $2x$  will denote the double thereof ; and so  $2x + 16 = 188$ , by the question.

Therefore  $2x = 188 - 16 = 172$ , by transposition.

And  $x = 172 - 2 = 86$ , Ans.

2. To find that number, which being added to 56, the treble of the required number will be produced.

If  $x$  be put for the number sought, then  $3x$  will be the treble thereof : and therefore  $3x = x + 56$ , by the question.

Hence  $2x = 56$ , by transposition.

And  $x = 56 - 2 = 28$ , Ans.

## USEFUL HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

**FILLET OF VEAL BOILED.**—Fill the centre, the bone being removed, with stuffing similar to that used for boiled turkey. Allow one quarter of an hour to a pound, and twenty minutes over, for the boiling of this joint. After the water boils, scum carefully, and let it only simmer, keeping the meat covered by adding hot water, or it will become brown. The beauty of this dish depends on delicacy in the color of the meat. A sauce must be formed by taking out a pint of the broth which has been made in boiling ; this must be thickened with good cream, butter, and flour, and flavoured with mushroom catsup and mushroom powder, or mushroom buttons. If cream be not at hand for thickening the broth, a sauce may be made by mingling the yolks of two eggs with flour, butter, and broth.

**BOILED KNUCKLE OF VEAL.**—As veal is insipid, it is a meat seldom boiled. The knuckle, however, being chiefly composed of cartilage, is occasionally boiled, and requires stewing to render it fit for eating. It is sometimes boiled with rice, and the gravy drawn from it is flavoured with onions, a little mace, and a few peppercorns. With the broth half a pint of cream or milk may be mixed, and the whole, meat, rice, and broth, served together in a tureen. If sent up separately, the veal will require a sauce of parsley and butter, as well as the accompaniment of boiled bacon, on a separate dish.



# "DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY."

AIR—NEW LANGOLEE.

THE FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

*In moderate time, with much warmth of expression.*

\* Dear Harp of my country! in darkness I found thee, The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,  
Dear Harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers, This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine.

When proud-ly my own Is - land Harp? I un-bound thee, And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song!  
Go, sleep with the sun-shine of fame on thy slumbers, Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.

The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness Have waken'd thy fondest, thy live - li - est thrill; But so  
If the pulse of the pa - tri - ot, soldier, or lover, Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glo - ry a - lone; I was

oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness, That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.  
but as the wind, pass - ing heed - lessly o - ver, And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thine own!

\* In that rebellious, but beautiful song, "When Erin first arose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—

"The dark chain of Silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace, at Almhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the **ODE TO GAUL, THE SON OF MORNI, IN MISS BROOKE'S RELIQUES OF IRISH POETRY.**

FIRE-SIDE SPARKS.

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It's tileish music furnished by the hat band.

Behind a man's back is before his face, isn't it?

What makes a pair of shoes? Why, two, of course.

Firemen as well as other people, like to talk of their old flames.

What is worse than smut in wheat? Smut in a newspaper.

"Ah," said a deaf man who had a scolding wife, "man wants but little hear below."

A free breakfast table—Morning rations in the police court.

Kick your corn through a window glass and the pane is gone forever.

German statistics show that seventy-two per cent of women miss railroad trains.

Authors are spoken of as living in attics because so few of them are able to live on their first story.

"FRUIT Jars," he said, as he looked at a sign, and then continued: "yes, it does unless it is real ripe."

Says a French critic, "I like a girl before she becomes womanish, and a woman before she gets girlish."

A PHYSICIAN has discovered yellow-fever germs in ice. The safest way is to boil your ice before using it. This kills the germs.

One of the first requisitions received from a newly appointed railway station agent was, "Send me a gallon of red oil for the danger lanterns."

Mark Twain says there is something very fascinating about science—it gives you such wholesale returns of conjecture for such trifling incidents of fact

It is a current bard who sings, "I sat alone with my conscience." Two to one, puts in the *Albany Journal*, he never had less fun in all his born days.

A poor young man remarks that the only advice he gets from capitalists is "to live within his income," whereas, the difficulty he experiences is to live without an income.

There is probably nothing so exhilarating in the experience of the amateur gardener as when he steps upon the hoe and the responsive handle immediately arises to implant a fervent kiss between his eyes.

Almost every man wastes part of his life in attempts to display qualities which he does not possess, and to gain applause which he cannot but keep.

A Galveston man who had a mule for sale, hearing that a friend in Houston wanted to buy a mule, telegraphed him: "Dear friend, if you are looking for a No. 1 mule don't forget me."

Two friends meeting, the following colloquy ensued: "Where have you been?" "To my tailor, and I had hard work to make him accept a little money." "You astonish me! Why!" "Because he wanted more!"

Heavy merchant to young man: "You are now in my employ some six weeks; your conduct, your acquirements are admirable; but what I admire most is the punctuality with which you come half an hour too late every day."

A lecturer once prefaced his discourse upon the rhinoceros with "I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. Indeed, it is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of the hideous animal of which we are about to speak unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."

Two noted lawyers, when driving out one afternoon, met a countryman with a three-horse team, the leader being fat and sleek and the other two in very poor condition, and asked: "Why is one of your horses so much fatter and sleeker than the others?" The countryman, who evidently knew his questioners, gravely replied: "It's 'cause the leader's a lawyer and the other two are his clients."